SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
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BRIAR PATCH

1918


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BRIAR PATCH

Published by the
Junior Class
of
Sweet Briar College
Sweet Briar, Virginia
1918



To

Dr. and Mrs. George E. Walker

and their Family

We dedicate this annual

as an expression of our appreciation

of their never-failing friendship for the students of

Sweet Briar, and their constant coöperation

in the effort to realize the ideals of

the college



Mount St. Angelo



The Walkers

BRIAR PATCH

"The Walkers"

RECOLLECTIONS of Sweet Briar without recollections of Mt. St. Angelo and "the Walkers" would be difficult. In this year of its dedication to these dear friends of Sweet Briar, the BRIAR PATCH is proud to tell this little story:

Dr. Walker was born in Manchester, England, in 1849. In his very young days he was placed in the family of some friends of his father where he began his education under the tutelage of an American woman, Miss Geldert. Later on he attended the Beaucliffe School at Eccles and studied under the Reverend John Hattersley. He was prepared for college at Dr. Cranswick's school for boys at Cheetham Hill.

He entered Owens College at Manchester, where his father was a professor of art. He did his major work in chemistry under the direction of Carl Schorlemmer, the most famous organic chemist of his time. During his college days he enjoyed the rare privilege of association with the noted chemists, Bunsen, Roscoe, Kirchoff, and Crookes, a group of men whose names have always meant inspiration to scientists.

After leaving Owens College, Dr. Walker worked for two years in the Hudson and Lightborn Toxicological Laboratory and studied medicine at the Manchester Royal Infirmary. Then, upon being recommended by his old professor, Sir Henry Roscoe, he accepted a position at Widnes as head chemist and physician for the Sullivan Company, the largest alkali works ever erected at one time. His ten years of experience in the hazardous business of manufacturing sulphuric acid, caustic soda, and chlorine gas were interesting, stirring years. It was during this time and at the Sullivan Works that the world-famous chemical processes of Weldon, Mond, Hargreave, and Deacon were worked out and perfected.

During his employment as chemist at the Sullivan Works, Dr. Walker became widely known as an amateur racer, receiving his training from Eddie Bolton, a celebrated English runner. In his racing days, he won three hundred and seventy-five prizes in quarter-, half-, and one-mile races against all comers.

Strangely enough, it was not because of the training Eddie Bolton gave him, but because of his musical talents that he won his "best race." The prize was the charming, well-beloved Miss Pollie Taylor, whom he met through his musical accompanist, James Taylor, her brother. He was married in Fairfield in 1872.

Dr. Walker remained in England eleven years after his marriage. For some time he had suffered from rheumatic troubles, and, realizing that a change of climate was necessary, he decided to go to America. In June, 1883, he settled with his family in the wilds of Manitoba, Canada.

During the twelve years he remained in Manitoba, he was physician to the white settlers of the surrounding country and to two Indian tribes, the Black Feet and the Sioux. He was a magistrate and chairman of the board of education. With his sons, he cultivated an extensive farm, and shared largely in the development of the vast stretches of prairie lands into well-populated, prosperous communities.

From Manitoba Dr. Walker removed with his family to Huntington, Florida, because of his wife's need of a milder climate. He remained there for over thirteen years, ever contributing, in his accustomed generous way, to the welfare of the vicinity and to the happiness of the people about him.

About nine years ago "the Walkers" came to Virginia and made their home "next door" to Sweet Briar. Since that time all Sweet Briar has shared their hospitality and their kindness, and has cherished their love and friendship.



BRIAR PATCH

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*Absent on leave.

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Graduate of Chicago Musical College; pupil of Viardot in Paris
and of Sevcik in Prague and Vienna
Instructor in Violin

BRIAR PATCH

*CLAUDINE HUTTER
Pupil of Miss Young at Sweet Briar, and of Teichmüller in Leipzig for two years
Instructor in Piano

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Instructor in Botany

MARIA CLINTON COLLINS
B. L., University of Cincinnati; A. M., Radcliffe College
Instructor in History

DOROTHY ROSE HUDSON
B. A., University of Minnesota
Instructor in English

ELIZABETH HENRIETTA JOHNSTON
A. B. and A. M., Bryn Mawr College
Instructor in Physics and Chemistry

FLORENCE BARBOUR
Pupil of Therese Chaigneau Rammet, Paris, France; graduate of Cincinnati Conservatory of Music under Marcian Thalborg
Instructor in Piano

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A. B., Wellesley College
PRINCIPAL

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A. B., University of Cincinnati; A. M., Radcliffe College
Instructor in History

*Absent on leave.

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Instructor in Latin

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Instructor in French and Spanish

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A. B. and A. M., Bryn Mawr College
Instructor in Chemistry and Physics

FLORENCE H. BARBOUR
Graduate of Cincinnati Conservatory of Music
Instructor in Piano



BRIAR PATCH



Sweet Briar House

"In every changing mood we love her,
Love her lake and woods and hills."



BRIAR PATCH



Boxwood Circle

"Crown our fairest Queen of May
In the boxwood circle gay."



BRIAR PATCH



The Tea House

"A man once asked Diogenes what was
the proper time for "eats," and he made answer:
'If you are a rich man, whenever you please;
If you are a poor man, whenever you can'."



BRIAR PATCH



Sweet Briar Garden

"How many voices gaily sing
O happy morn, O happy spring
Of life!"

—Landor.

BRIAR PATCH



The Campus

"Crowning the red Virginia hills."

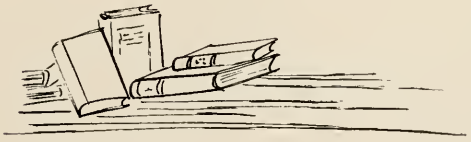


BRIAR PATCH



Academic Building

"O this learning,
What a thing it is!"
—Shakespeare.



BRIAR PATCH



The Cupola

"Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?"
—Dyer.

BRIAR PATCH



THE ARCADE

"An arch where through
Gleams that untravell'd world."
—Tennyson.

BRIAR PATCH



The Chapel

"God is the perfect poet,
Who in His Person acts
His own creations."
—Browning.

BRIAR PATCH



THE CHOIR

"O holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud;
Through seas dry-shod;
Through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed."



BRIAR PATCH

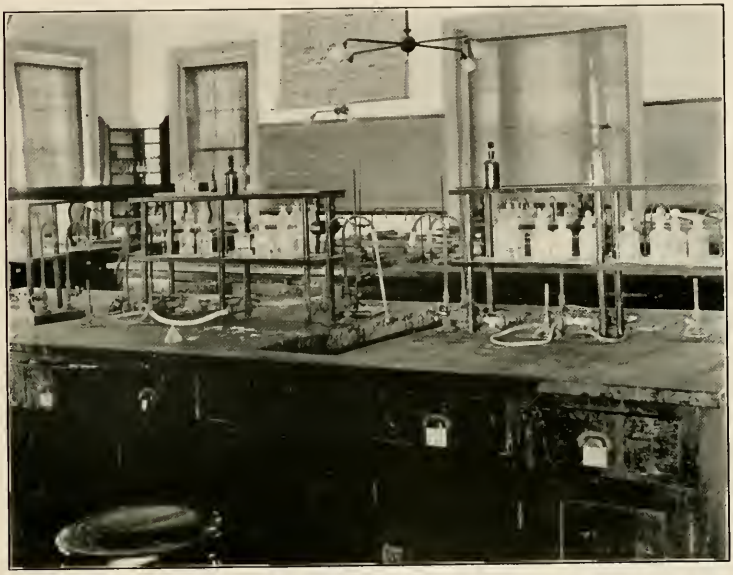


The Studio

"Art is long, life short;
Judgment difficult,
Opportunity transient."



BRIAR PATCH



CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

"To search through all and reach the law within the law."
—Tennyson.



BRIAR PATCH



"Here's to the college we call our own!"

BRIAR PATCH



Faculty Row

"Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows,
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners."



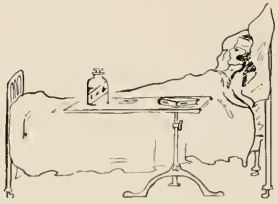
BRIAR PATCH



Apartment House
Miss Mattie

"A calm and gracious element
Whose presence seemed the sweet income,
And womanly atmosphere of home."

—Whittier.



BRIAR PATCH



" 'Tis Beauty calls, and
Glory shows the way."

BRIAR PATCH



The Lake and Paul's Mountain

"Here one feels a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

—Wordsworth.



BRIAR PATCH



The Lake

"Come watch with me the azure turn to rose
In yonder west."

—Aldrich.



BRIAR PATCH



THE FALLS

" . . . *Murmuring waters fall*
Down the slope hills dispersed, from out the lake,
That to the fringèd bank with flowerlets crowned,
Her crystal mirror holds."

—Milton.

BRIAR PATCH



"The storm-winds of ages
Blow through us and cease
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace."

—Swinburne.

BRIAR PATCH



Sweet Briar House

"Way down South, way down South,
In the hills of old Virginia—Sweet Briar."

BRIAR PATCH



"It is a happy thought to bring
To the dark season's frost and rime;
A painted memory of spring,
A dream of summer time."

—Whittier.

BRIAR PATCH



"A brotherhood of venerable trees
Leaving an ancient dome."

—Wordsworth.

BRIAR PATCH



"Cheer to Sweet Briar on the campus, girls!"

BRIAR PATCH



"The sombre green
Of hemlocks turns to black
Against the whiteness of the back."

BRIAR PATCH



Mount St. Angelo

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty——"

—Wordsworth.

BRIAR PATCH



St. Angelo

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

—Longfellow.



BRIAR PATCH



"Fields that are white, stained with long, cool shadows——"

BRIAR PATCH



The Oak

"Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel,
In and out among the branches."

—Longfellow.



SENIORS



1918



Cornelia Carroll
President

BRIAR PATCH

Senior Class

Colors: Black and Green Flower: Honeysuckle

Tree: The Old Oak

Motto: *Ne Obliviscamur*

Mascot: Polly Carey Dew

Officers

CORNELIA CARROLL_____*President*

LOUISE CASE_____*Vice-President*

ELIZABETH LOWMAN_____*Secretary and Treasurer*

Class Roll

Vivienne Barkalow

Iloe Bowers

Cornelia Carroll

Louise Case

Corinne Gibbon

Cilla Guggenheimer

Gertrude Kintzing

Elizabeth Lowman

Margaret McVey

Catherine Marshall

Marianne Martin

Jane Pratt

Mary Reed

Charlotte Seaver

Elanette Sollitt

Eleanor Smith

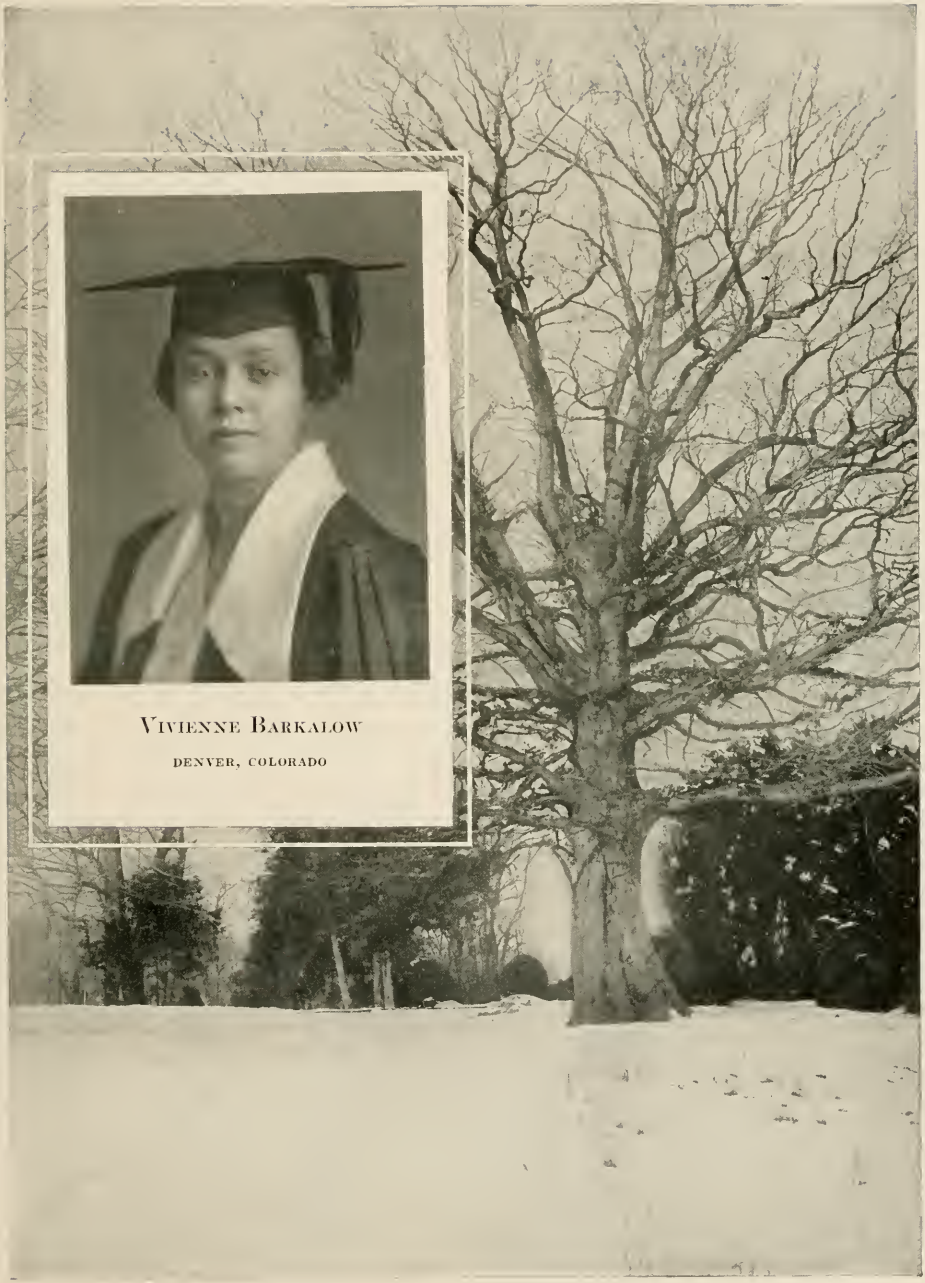
Esther Turk

Ida Walker

Honorary Members

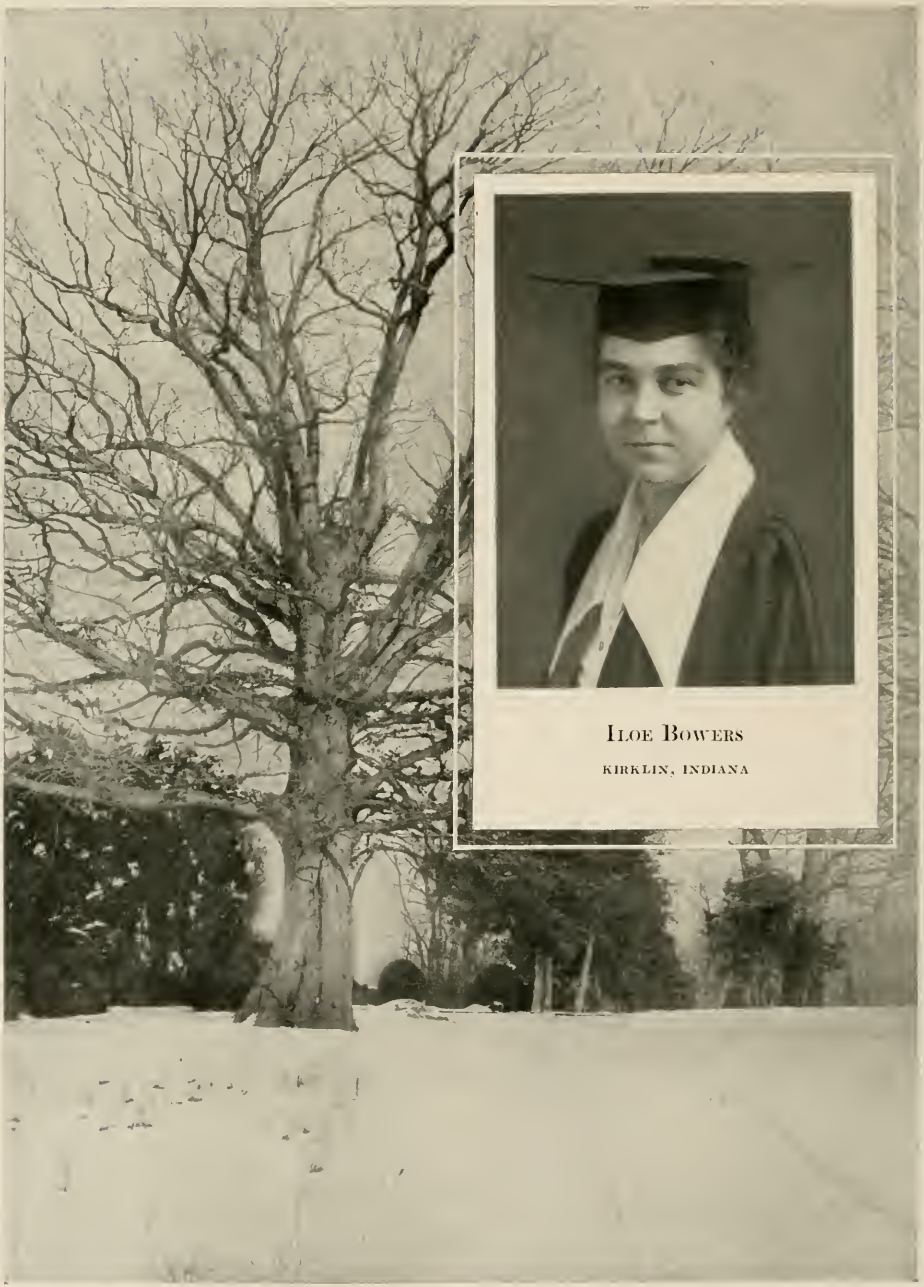
Miss Katherine Wilson

Miss Josephine Guion



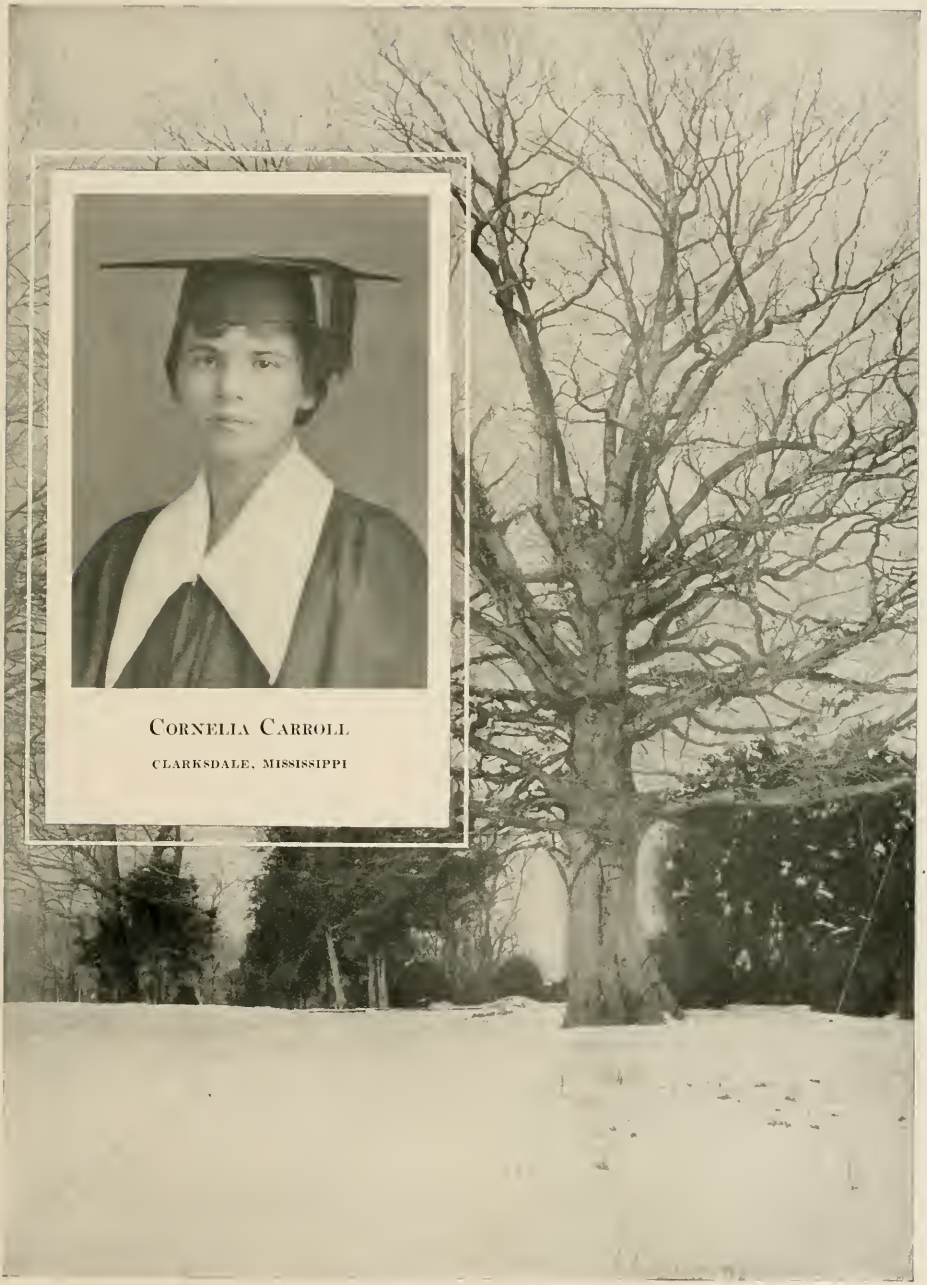
VIVIENNE BARKALOW

DENVER, COLORADO



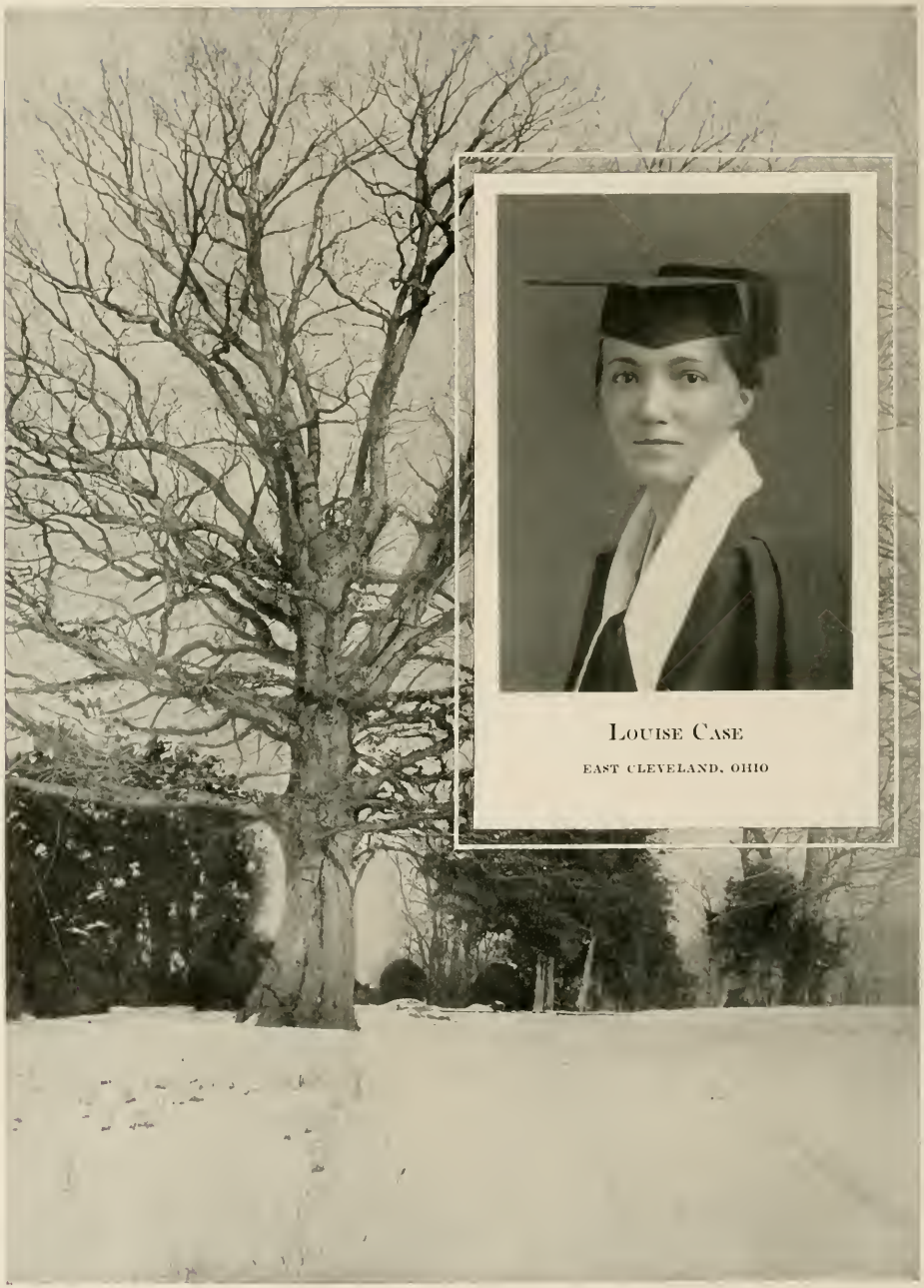
ILOE BOWERS

KIRKLIN, INDIANA



CORNELIA CARROLL

CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI



LOUISE CASE

EAST CLEVELAND, OHIO



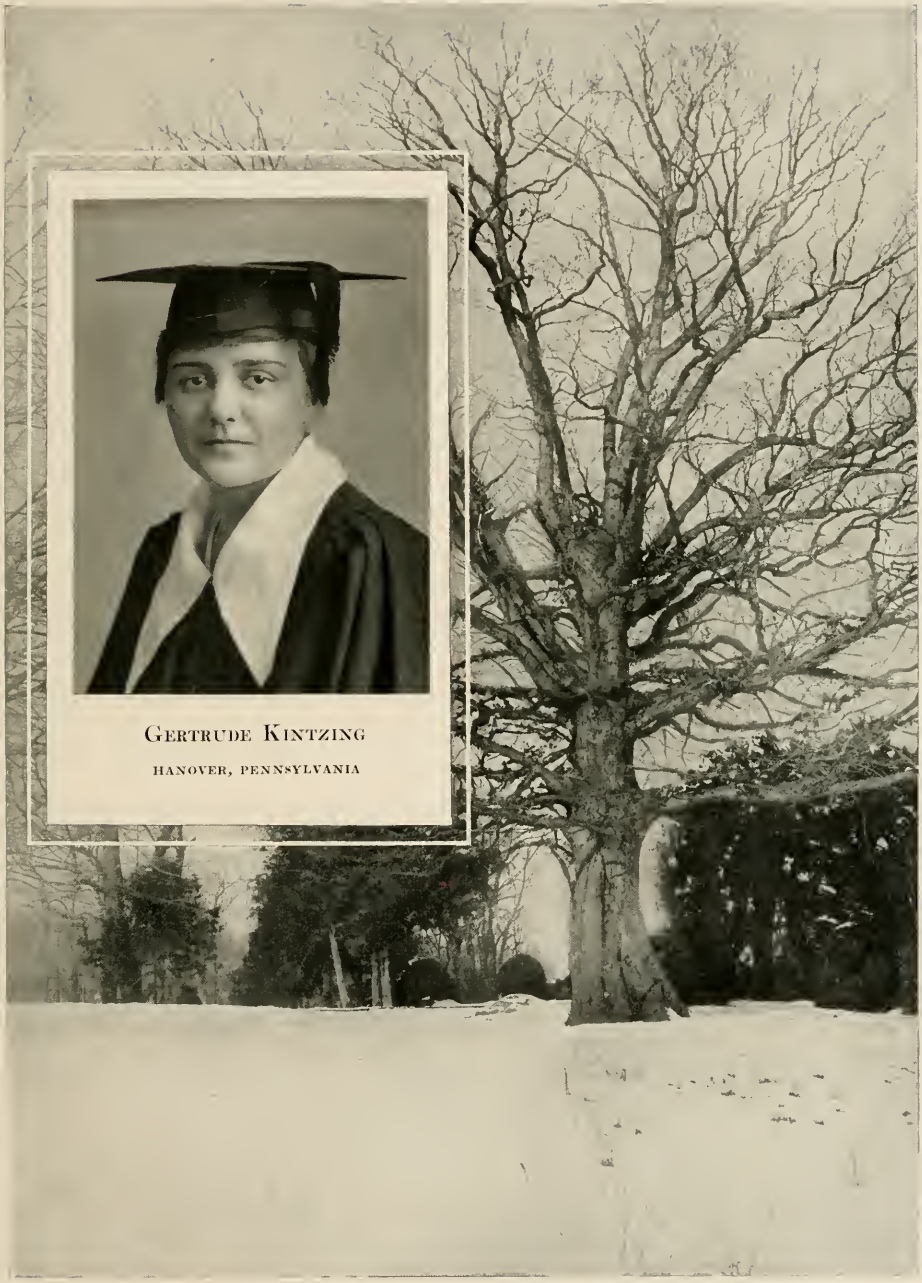
CORINNE GIBBON

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA



CILLA GUGGENHEIMER

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA



GERTRUDE KINTZING

HANOVER, PENNSYLVANIA



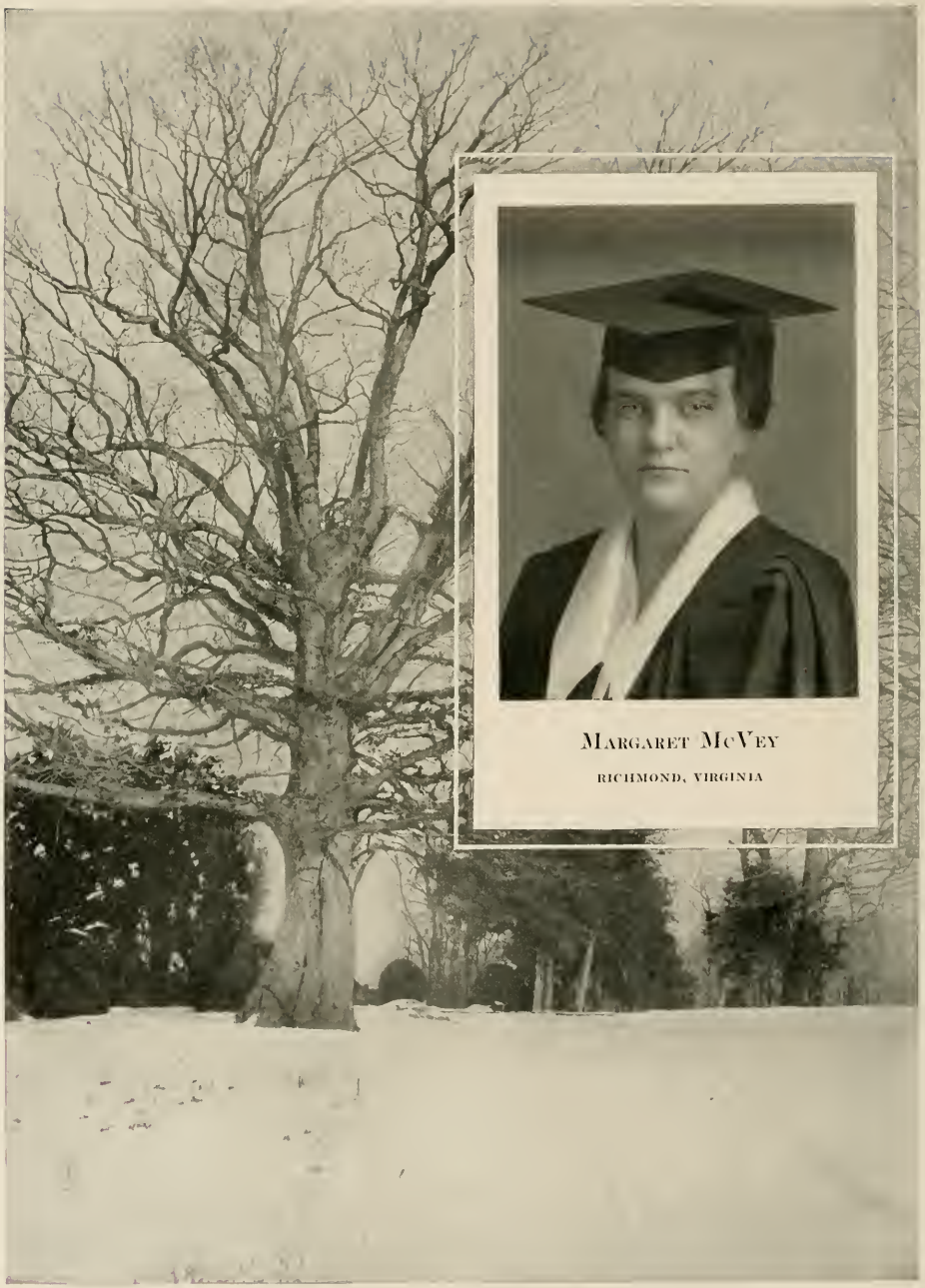
ELIZABETH LOWMAN

LOWMAN, NEW YORK



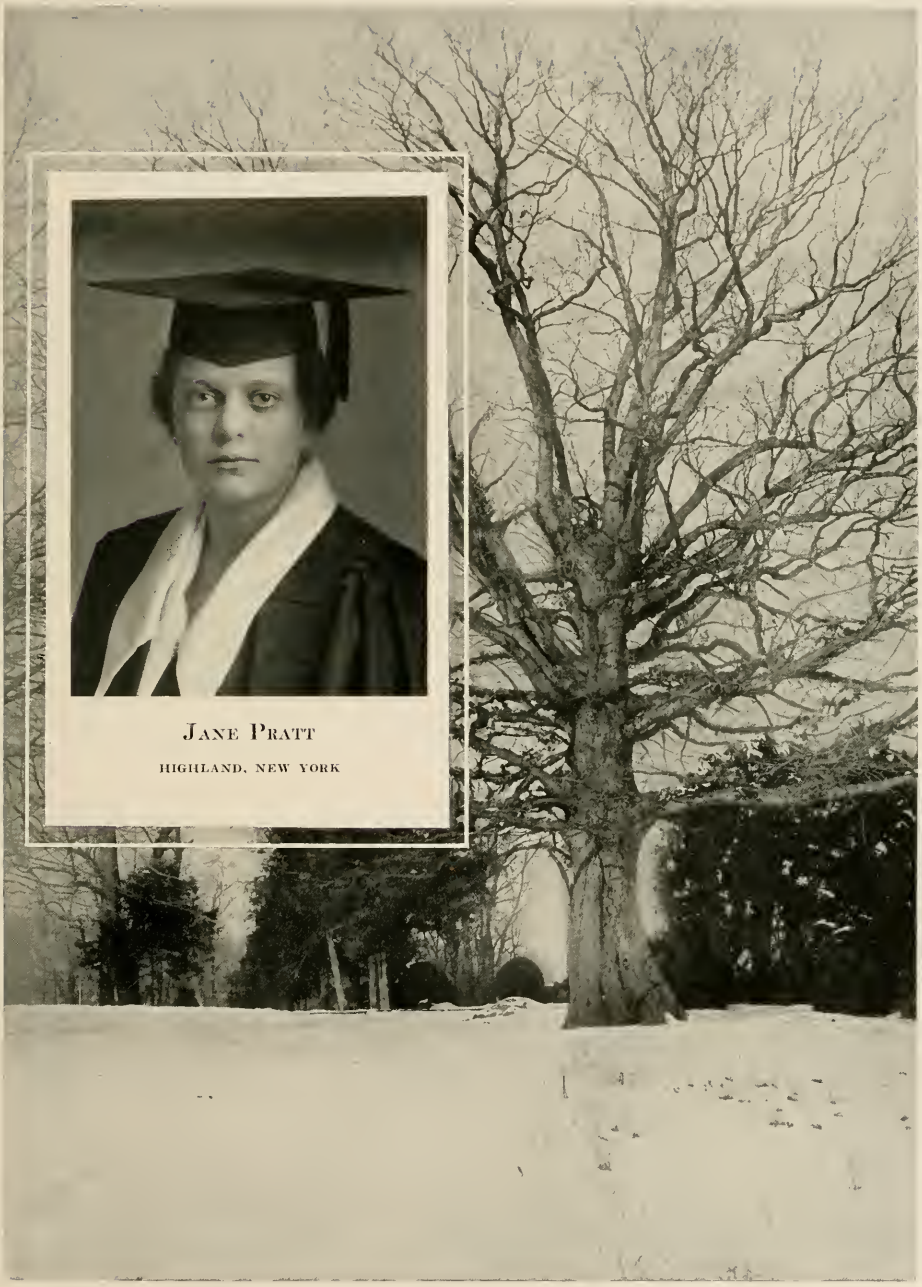
CATHERINE MARSHALL

ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS



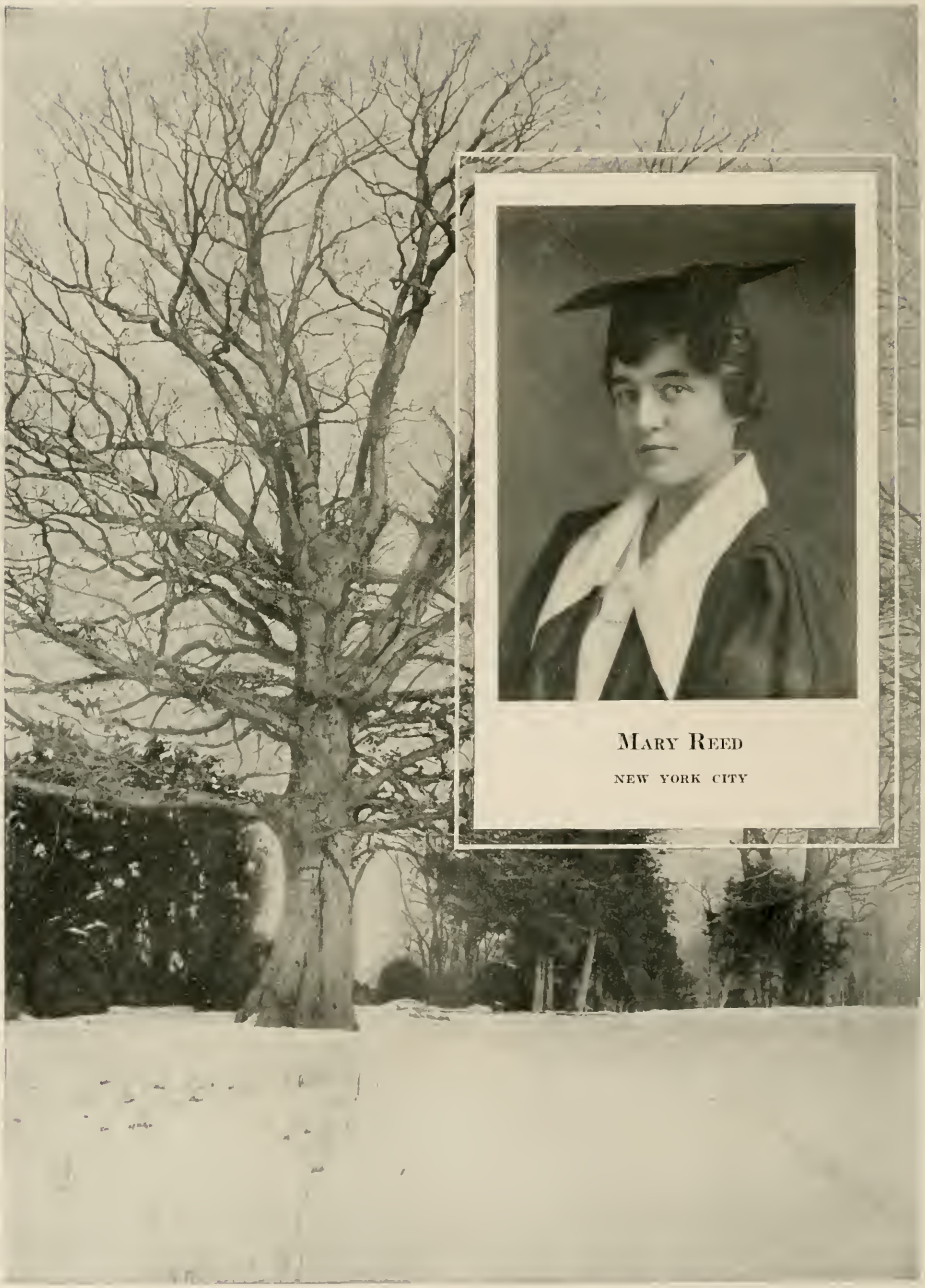
MARGARET MCVEY

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



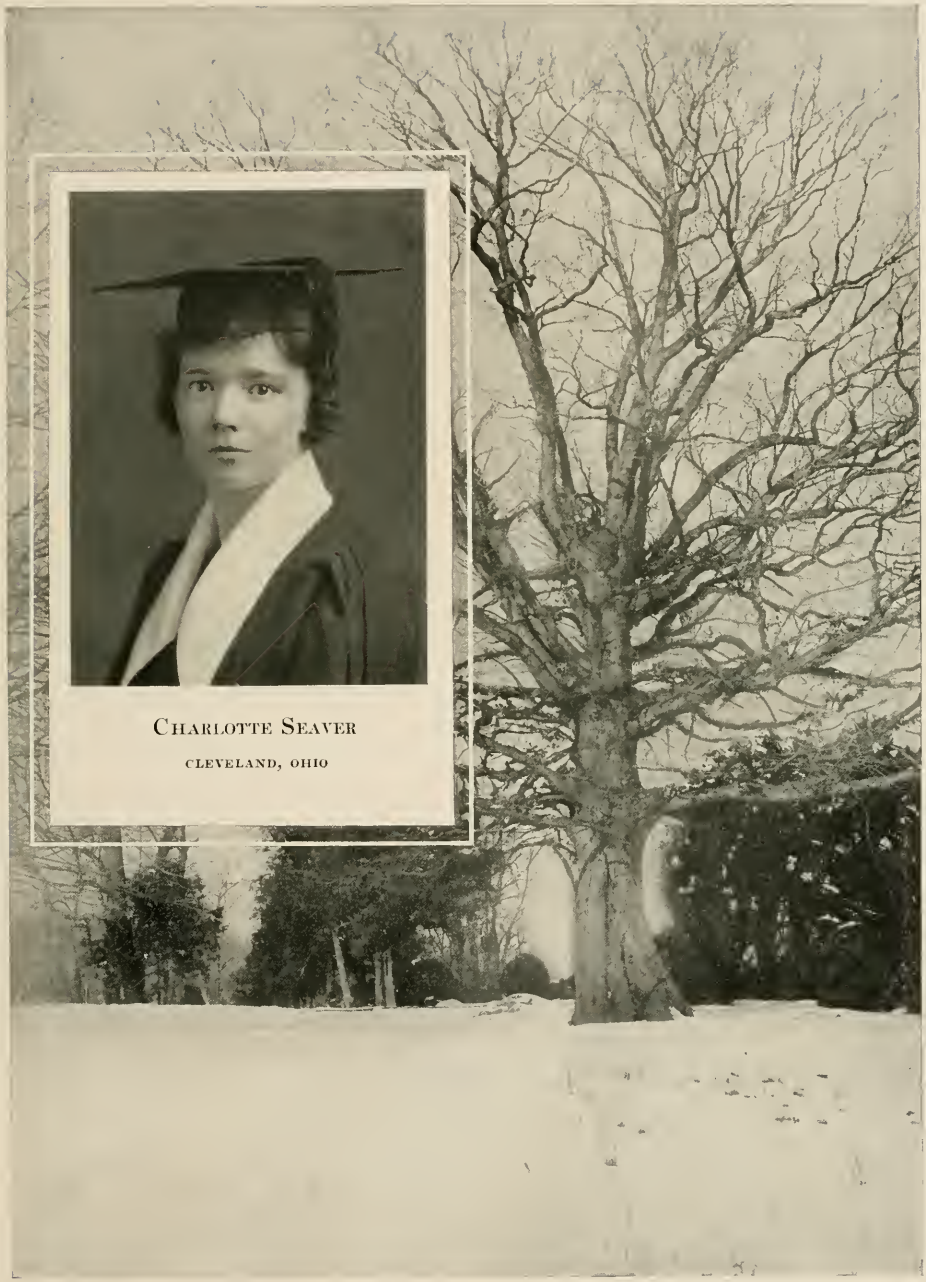
JANE PRATT

HIGHLAND, NEW YORK



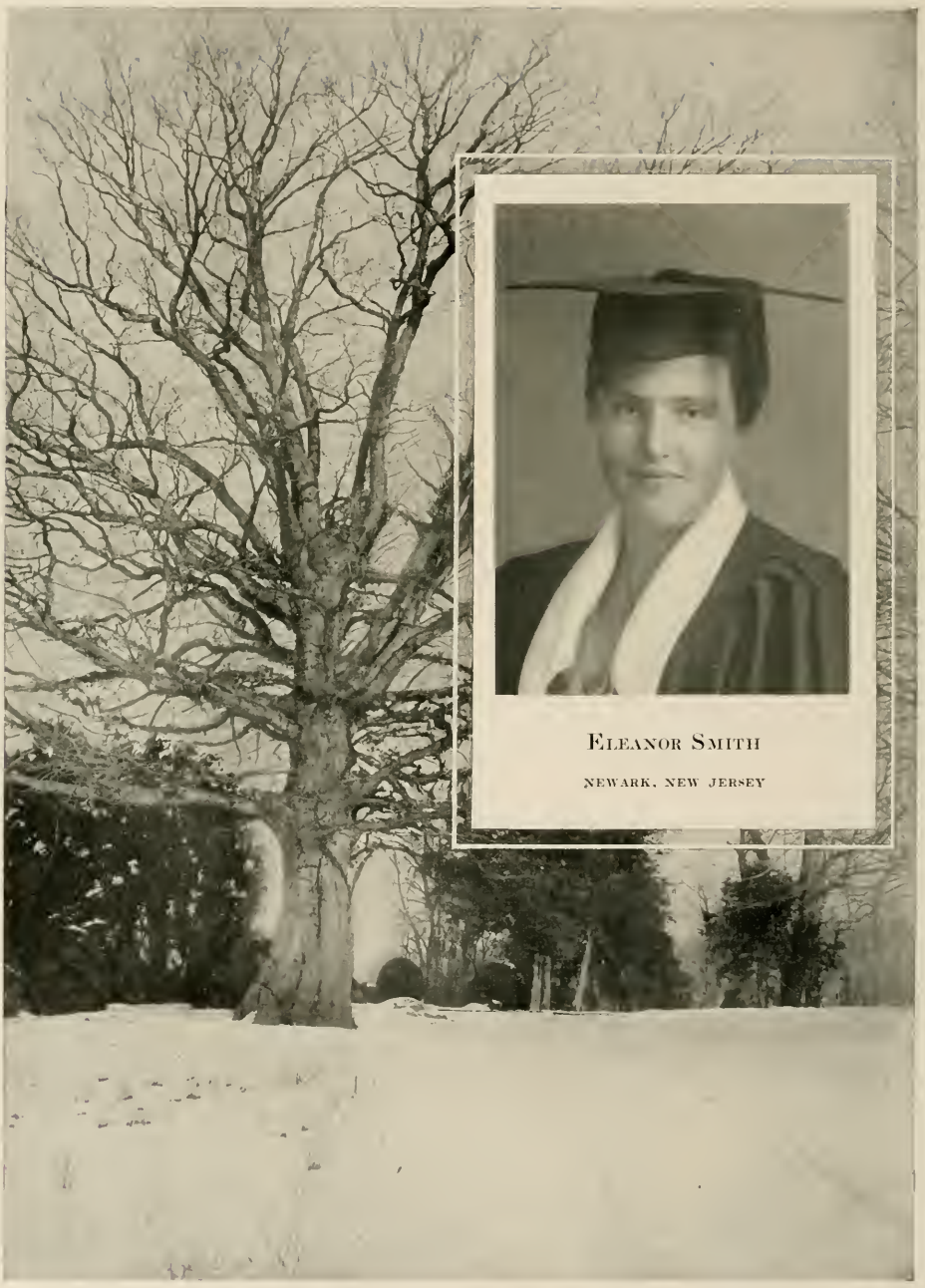
MARY REED

NEW YORK CITY



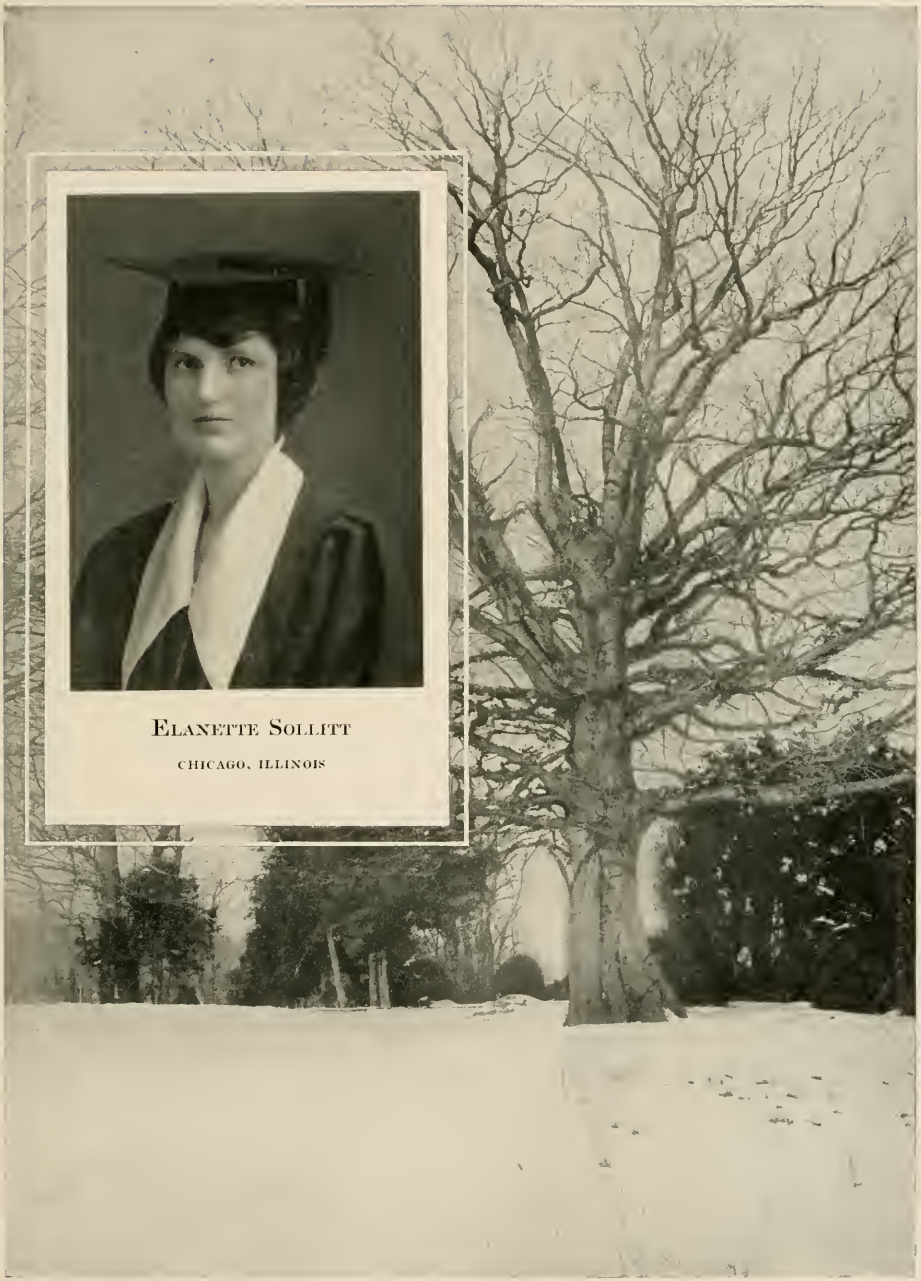
CHARLOTTE SEAVER

CLEVELAND, OHIO



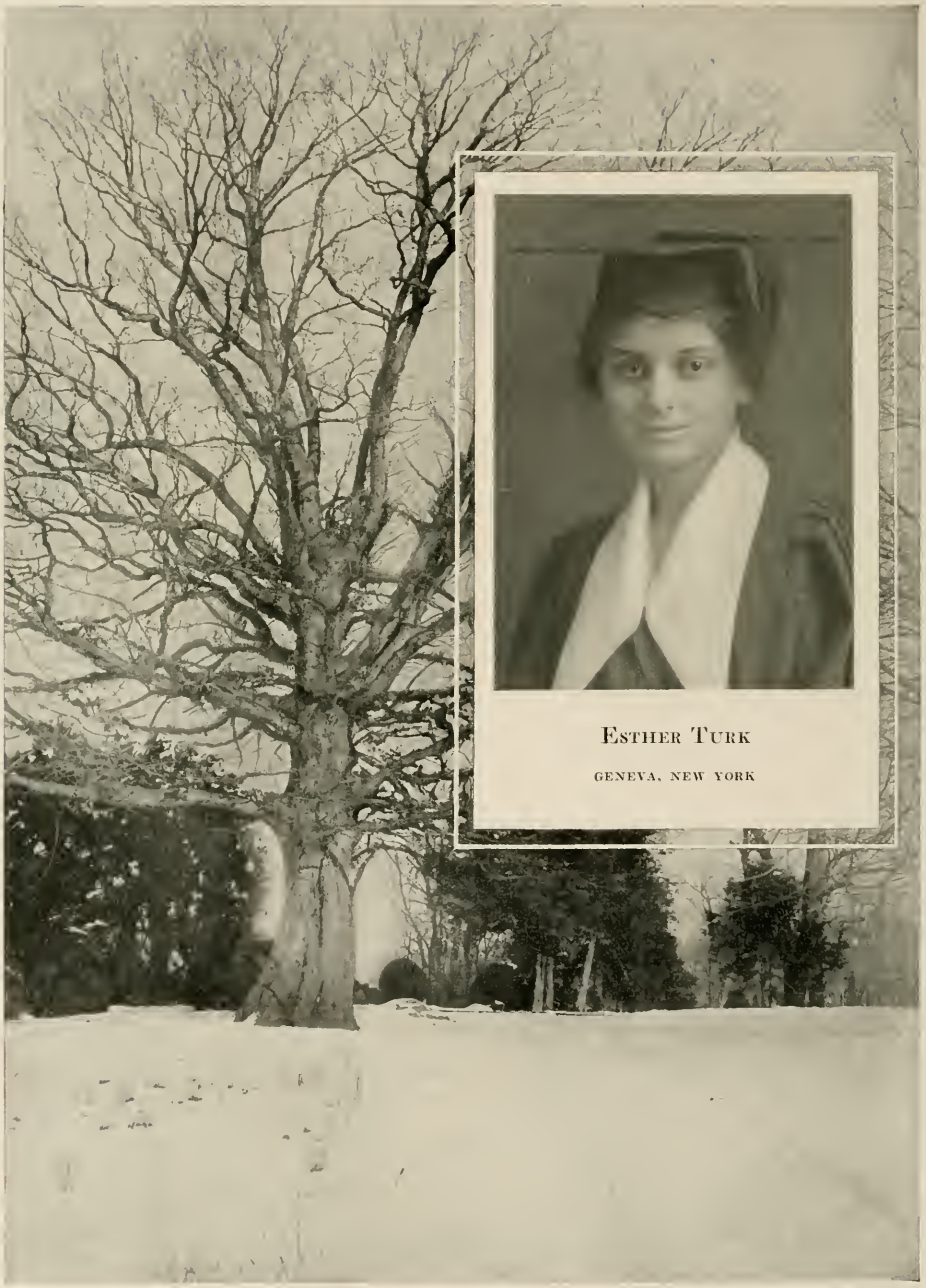
ELEANOR SMITH

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



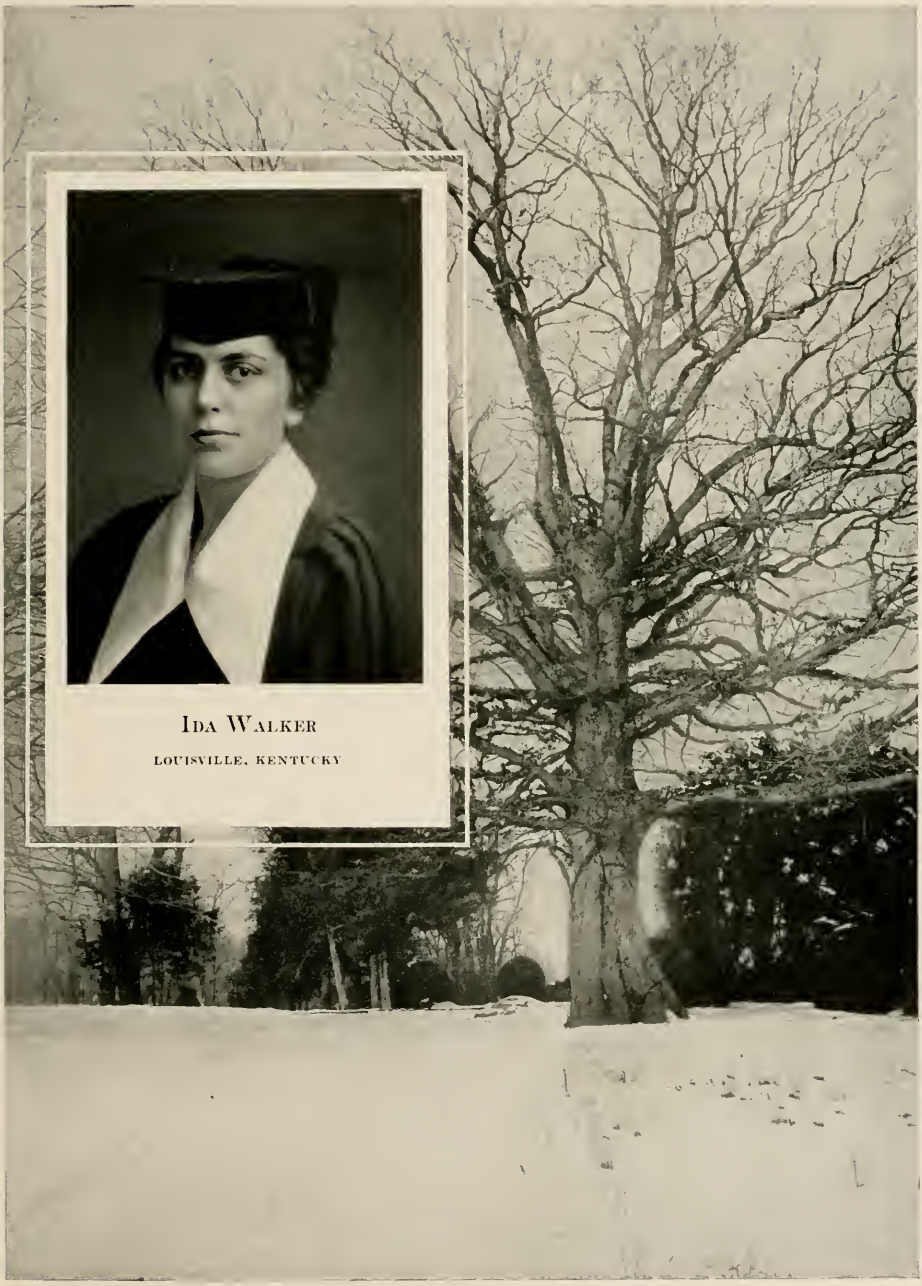
ELANETTE SOLLITT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



ESTHER TURK

GENEVA, NEW YORK



IDA WALKER

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

BRIAR PATCH



POLLY CAREY DEW
MASCOT

BRIAR PATCH



Miss Josephine Guion
HONORARY MEMBER



Miss Katherine Wilson
HONORARY MEMBER

BRIAR PATCH

Our Last History

This is our last history. We of nine-eighteen
Are leaving Sweet Briar's shelter. All have seen,
In records old, how in our Freshman year
We started out with high resolves. No fear
Of Sophomores or of that other horror, Ds,
Haunted our gay young lives. Will't please
You listen while we tell how on the night
Our president was chose', seventeen started a fight
By stealing her? But neither then nor later
Did they o'erwhelm us. The next year the greater
Part of our number failed, for reasons that vary,
To join us again in Sweet Briar's halls. Well, merry
E'en while we grieved their loss, eighteen started
To be examples for the Freshmen. Happy hearted,
We learned that year what Friendship really meant.
It seemed as tho our own were Heaven sent,
So strong it grew. One day in every seven
We met at tea. So Friendship grew, and even
As it grew then, so strong it is to-day!
We gained renown in that year thru our play,
Which was somehow—we know not how—the best
(So Sweet Briar said!) that had been played. The rest
All praised us roundly. Compliments were paid
Which we will not repeat. Enough's been said
To show we were no "slackers" in that year. Led
By Success to hope for more, our class
As Juniors gained much honor. Let us pass
It over briefly, for time flies. You who would
Refresh your mem'ry, turn to "our" annual. Good
Deeds and good work leave records both

BRIAR PATCH

In perishable print and in traditions! Loth
To think our school days were so near an end
Eighteen, as Seniors, stood together. Bend
An ear, you who would hear of her fame! Bound
By a tie of mutual trust and love, we found
A *stronger* bond to be that mutual one
Which bound us to our country's cause. No sun
Went down without some helpful act or deed
By each of us for suffering Mankind's cause.
Our land at war! Ah, that tho't made us pause,
To realize what we were called to do. And
Duties here at school, too, filled our hand.
Our offices were many. And our looks
So serious (at times!) made Freshmen think that books
And work were all that occupied our mind.
Not so! For clad in cap and gown, you find
Life has its problems, and it's up to you
To solve that problem oft—"To do, or not to do"
The thing that Conscience urges? Eighteen chose
Never to stoop! So brought she to a close
Four years of honor and of glory, won
By her loyal daughters. Her work has just begun!
This is our last history. We of nine-eighteen
Are leaving Sweet Briar's shelter. We have seen
A light which points our way. May it yet
Be with us, thru our lives, "lest we forget!"

G. E. S.

BRIAR PATCH



MARIANNE MARTIN

"How do we need thee? Thus we count the ways:
We need thee to the depth and breadth and height
The soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
We miss thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
We trust thee freely, as men strive for Right;
We love thee purely, as they turn from Praise."

—*Adapted from Mrs. Browning.*

JUNIORS



1919



Isabel Wood
President

Junior Class

Colors: Blue and Black Tree: White Pine

Emblem: Lion

Motto: *Spectamur Agendo*

Officers

ISABEL WOOD ---------- *President*

FLORENCE FREEMAN ---------- *Vice-President*

ISABEL LUKE ---------- *Secretary*

ROSANNE GILMORE ---------- *Treasurer*

Class Roll

Henrietta Anderson
Katherine Block
Elizabeth Eggleston
Florence Freeman
Delia May Gilmore
Rosanne Gilmore
Louise Hammond
Elizabeth Hodge
Isabel Luke
Virginia Miller
Dorothy Neal
Mary Jones Nixon
Josephine Payne
Lee Schurman
Carrie Sharpe
Mildred Thomson
Catherine Towne
Dorothy Valentine
Dorothy Wallace
Frances Wild

Isabel Wood

BRIAR PATCH



Henrietta Anderson
Breckenridge
Minnesota



"Stop your ticklin', Jock."





Katharine D Block
Caldwell
New Jersey

"What do you want to make those eyes at me for?"

BRIAR PATCH





Elizabeth Carrington Eggleston
Blacksburg, Va

"Carry me back to ole Virginny."



Florence Shipperd Freeman
Mount Vernon N Y



"That's the kind of a baby for me."

BRIAR PATCH



D-M Gilmore
2126 Lincoln Park West
Chicago, Ill.



"High Jinks."





Rosanne Gilmore
168 Lexington Ave
Dayton, Ohio

"Work, for the night is coming."

BRIAR PATCH





Laura Hammond
Covington
Virginia

"At the dark-town strutters' ball."



Elizabeth Hodge
6383 Grandview Ave
Cincinnati Ohio



"Solomon Levi."

BRIAR PATCH



Isabel Lukes,
Covington, Virginia



"Three little maids from school."





Virginia Miller,
Austin,
Texas.

"Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick."

BRIAR PATCH





Dorothy Neal
215 E. Jefferson St.
Boise, Idaho

"Un peu d'amour."



Mary Jones Nixon,
Boonville,
Missouri



"Lily-of-the-Valley."

BRIAR PATCH



Josephine Payne
Covington
Virginia



"Oh, he who hath some measles and giveth his neighbor none——"





Caroline J. Sharpe
80 W. River St
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag."

BRIAR PATCH





Lee Attila Newman
321 E. Military Ave
Fremont Nebraska

"Whose little girlie are you?"



Mildred Quarles Thomson
413 Fairfax Ave.
Norfolk
Va.



"Snooky ookums."

BRIAR PATCH



Catharine B Towner
819 Hudson Avenue
Evanston Illinois



"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la."





Dorothy Valentine
194 Green St
Woodbridge
New Jersey

"Any little girl, that's a nice little girl,
Is the right little girl for me."

BRIAR PATCH





Dorothy E. Wallace
Vincennes, Indiana

"One, two, three, four——"



Frances Wild
1639 N. Meridian St.
Indianapolis, Ind.



"With roses, red roses."

BRIAR PATCH





Rachel A Woods
Park Street
Charlottesville
Virginia

"Silent night, sh——ush!"



BRIAR PATCH



Dr. Mary K. Benedict

Honorary Member of Class of 1919

BRIAR PATCH

Report of Sweet Briar Squadron No. 1919

IN June, 1917, we passed our rigorous final examination in the ground school of aeronautics. In early fall Cadet I. Hedges Wood was commissioned Colonel Aero of Squadron 1919. The first feeble flights of the now-famous squadron were directed by General McVea and her efficient staff. By the clever dietetic, gymnastic, and eurythmic maneuvers all season, we demonstrated the superiority of the Junior polyplane. We watched with interest for the messages semaphored from Ground School Class 1921, reporting victory over Class 1920. Our detachment greatly assisted by means of camouflage. The machine-gun corps saw active service on the hockey and basket-ball fields under the experienced leadership of Captain Gilmore.

Chaplain Neal, of the Esquadrille, assisted by Y. W. C. A. Private Eggleston, protected the spiritual welfare of the squadron. The physical well being of the cadets reached a high standard under the gentle supervision of Red Cross Rosanne Ever-Ready. The squadron was christened "The High Fliers of Sweet Briar," when it undertook the intricate campaign involved in the issuing of the annual. This necessitated strenuous setting-up exercises. The ordnance corps, commanded by C. J. Sharpe, did effective work. However, First Lieutenant Dynamite Gilmore reports deserters in the pecuniary reinforcement corps, and predicts probable arrest and subsequent court-martial of the entire squadron.





Junior Class Tree

SOPHOMORE



1920



GWENDOLYN BARRETT
President



Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class

Colors: Amethyst and Gold Flower: Clematis

Motto: *Factum non Verbum*

Officers

GWENDOLYN BARRETT ---------- *President*
HELEN JOHNSTON ---------- *Vice-President*
IDA MASSIE ---------- *Secretary*
HELEN BISHOP ---------- *Treasurer*

Class Roll

Geraldine Ball
Gwendolyn Barrett
Helen Beeson
Myrle Barry
Helen Bishop
Mary Virginia Crabbs
Caroline Freiberg
Pauline Gauss
Helen Guthrie
Nancy Hanna
Alleine Hicks
Ruth Hulburd
Helen Johnston
Katherine Kemp
Roberta Knapp
Corinne Loney
Idele McNeal
Rebecca McGeorge
Ida Massie
Virginia Merrill
Elmyra Pennypacker
Frances Raiff
Maynette Rozelle
Leila Sawyer
Edna Sloan
Isabel Webb
Marie Wiener

Honorary Member

Miss E. W. McVea

BRIAR PATCH

The "Collegation" of the Verb "Twentio"

Principal Parts: *Freshman, Sophomore, Yet-to-be-um*

THIS verb is a very active one and is "collegated" with the auxiliary "Sweetbriario." It is found in the Past, Present, and Future tenses. The Imperfect forms are so few that they are not worthy of mention. The Perfect forms are included in the Past and Present and it is hoped they will monopolize the Future. On account of its great activity, "Twentio" has no passive form.

In the Past, "Twentio" was "collegated" in fifty-three persons. This Freshman part was highly successful in banner-rushing, cartoons, and basket-ball, and, in fact, almost became Perfect. One of the singular persons of this tense has since become plural.

After such a highly successful Past, "Twentio" resumed existence in the Present with only twenty-seven persons. In the middle of the tense, the first person felt called to another "collegation" and was dropped from "Twentio" with many regrets. This verb conducted itself actively in Athletics, and its managing of Founder's Day was highly commended. "Freshmano," a verb of close origin, was made to realize the truthfulness of its stem and subsided to a secondary "collegation." Upon "examination," it was feared "Twentio" would lose some of its persons, but they all survived the test. So far in its "collegation," the verb under consideration has had no connection with that verb whose principal parts are "flunko, flunkere, teacher-firum." Only the feminine gender has been discovered.

The Future tense of "Twentio" is very indefinite and only Professor Time can disclose its history. One rule there will be, without an exception: The relation of "Twentio" to the auxiliary "Sweetbriario" will always be close.

FRESHMEN





Francese Evans
President

1921



Freshman Class

BRIAR PATCH

Freshman Class

Colors: Peacock Blue and Green Class Bird: Peacock

Motto: *"Honor ante Honores"*

Officers

FRANCESE EVANS ---------- *President*
DOROTHY CERF ---------- *Vice-President*
RHODA ALLEN ---------- *Secretary*
FLORENCE IVES ---------- *Treasurer*

Class Roll

Marjorie Abraham
Emma Adams
Josephine Ahara
Rhoda Allen
Gertrude Anderson
Ruth Armistead
Betty August
Alice Babcock
Elizabeth Baldwin
Russe Blanks
Minnie Brewer
Genevieve Brosius
Julia Bruner
Dorothy Cerf
Ann Elizabeth Claxton
Elizabeth Cole
Catherine Cordes
Katharine Davis
Margaret Deekins
Edith Durrell
Frances Earnest
Mildred Ellis
Fanny Ellsworth
Elizabeth Ertel
Alice Evans
Francese Evans
Marion Evans
Eleanor Finke
Hildegarde Flanner
Isabelle Franke
Ruth Geer
Isabel Godwin
Eleanor Gould
Oden Greer
Christine Geschwindt
Catherine Hanitch
Katharine Hauch
Katherine Hawkins
Frances Helmick
Florence Ives
Dorothy Job
Margaret Kinard
Olivia Klingelhofer
Kathrine Ladd
Marion Lincoln
Ruth Lundholm
Emma MacDonnell
Marie Matthews
Nellie McCaa
Mary McLemore
Mary Belle McNally
Georgea Millard
Olive Mitchell
Barbara Moore
Halle Moore
Marjorie Morris
Dorothea Nelson
Marion North
Katharine Pennewill
Martha Perkins
Margaret Petritz
Louise Pochat
Kathaleen Porter
Dorothy Powell
Dorothy Pryor
Shelley Rouse
Marguerite Rowley
Rosaline Schladermundt
Sigrid Schold
Florence Scovell
Marian Shafer
Ernestine Shavler
Ophelia Short
Elizabeth Shoup
Ruth Simpson
Emma Smith
Harriet Smith
Mary Stinson
Claire Taylor
Katherine Taylor
Mary Taylor
Gertrude Thams
Laura Thompson
Miriam Thompson
Lucile Warwick
Nina Weichselbaum
Julia White
Ethel Wilson
Ellen Wolf

Honorary Member

Miss Leonora Neuffer

BRIAR PATCH



Dr. Leonora Neuffer

Honorary Member of Class of 1921

Our History

With wardrobe trunks all monogrammed,
With hair brushed neat, all spick and span,
Some with loving, helpful mama,
Some with fond and thoughtful papa,
Some in haughty bravery
Scorning all such knavery
As relatives along in tow—
The Freshmen breeze up, all aglow.

Some whose hearts are tender, very,
Gave way to tears in private, wary,
Lest they be seen to sob and sniffle
By those who deem such actions piffle.
At length when all are acclimated,
Grief and loneliness abated,
Eager ears pricked up for knowledge,
'21 starts life in college.

The Sophomores thinking, needlessly,
Their dignity was heedlessly
Ignored by Freshmen, pert and sassy,
Thought up a grand plan, fine and classy,
And made each helpless Freshman wear
Green ribbons tied on braided hair,
Salute and open doors politely,
Repent her impudence contritely.

In highest glee the Freshman Class
Came down to breakfast, clothed en masse
In ribbons green on pig-tails flying,
With the Sophomore rules complying.
Through the halls they flounced and pranced,
Their enjoyment quite enhanced
When they had to step aside,
Let Sophs and Seniors first inside.

BRIAR PATCH

The Class of '20 was unable
To entertain their guests at table,
And to relieve the wearing tedium
Dragged in some Freshmen—happy medium
Through which to jolly up a crowd, you know,
Since they could dance and speak up loud, you know.
The guests did much enjoy this cabareting,
The Freshmen quite a little art displaying.

Tho faculty and Seniors, much amused were they,
The Freshman Class decided, much abused were *they*,
And forthwith sought about until they found
The Sophomores' rooms and threw around
Their clothes, belongings placed so neat, you see,
And wrought a havoc quite complete, you see,
And acted up in manner most surprising,
Unto the Sophomores tantalizing.

Bent on other means employing
To the Sophomores most annoying,
'21 by camouflage,
And a bit of persiflage,
Kidnapped Kempy—perspicacity
Coupled up with keen tenacity.
That was tidy, that was clever,
Theirs a worthy, bold endeavor.

What followed then had spice, had juice.
By careful plan, by careful ruse
Each class upon the other spied,
And into all their actions pried;
With upturned noses, haughty glare
Returned, suspicious, stare for stare;
Some hot and heavy words ensued,
Finally peace, the broil subdued.

The Freshmen needing wise ones who
Would safely lead and steer them through
The various crises of their class, you know,
Just little things that come and pass, you know,
Chose Francese Evans, chief and guide;
Dorothy Cerf, to help preside;
Official miser, Florence Ives;
Rhoda Allen, to write archives.

BRIAR PATCH

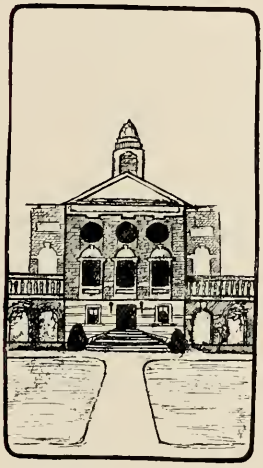
For all the "old" girls then, the "new"
With great eclat a party threw,
Tried their best to entertain them,
And to pleasantly detain them;
What with stunts and doughnuts many
Hoped that from their guests not any
But would appreciate the effort spent,
And know they sought to pay—a compliment.

With heads held high, with purpose strong,
Behold the Freshmen march along.
Theirs the courage, firm and steady,
Theirs the true heart, bold and ready
To serve their college—country, too—
For, more than all, red, white, and blue
Will lead them on to fight and see
That work well done means—victory!





SPECIALS





SARAH KENNEDY
President

CLASS



Special Class

College Special Class

Colors: Blue and White

Motto: Never be blue; always be white

Officers

SARAH KENNEDY *President*
MARY COWAN *Secretary and Treasurer*
ETHEL GLENN *Historian*
MARY COWAN *Honor Council*

Class Roll

Katherine Armstrong
Mary Cowan
Ethel Glenn
Julia Guilbert
Beatrice Henry
Margaret High
Sarah Kennedy
Helen Leedom
Janet Leedom
Ruth Mann
Halle Moore
Carlotta Peebles
Margaret Turner
Hortense Ward
Hattie Wilson
Helen Shepherd

Honorary Member

Miss Florence Barbour



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Specials On Sale Sept 18	Classes Begin	Mary Crowe elected Honor Council Member	Class Elections VOTE	President Sarah Kennedy Sec's Treas. Mary Crowe	Special Seats Reserved in Chapel	First Class Meeting held
Class Organ "Buy a Liberty Bond Fund" Endowment Fund.	Plans made for Party	Busy For Party	30.00 Raised P.S. Party a Success	Sid looks Grave ?	Win Prize For Best Time at party for old girls	Thanksgiving Recess VOX
Special Sale to Sea Shop	Class Dues Due To Day 50¢	Leaving For Home	Dec 25 Merry Xmas	Good Time ! ! !	Back Again 1918	New Specials Join Us
Working For Red Cross	M. & Year Grades	Second Semester Begins Jan 28	Report Receives A ? GLOOM	"Hoover-izing" Food = 0	Selling Hot-Dogs	Excitement May Queen Elections VOTE FOR-


S.G.A.
M.E. Ralph

Student Government Association

Officers

MARIANNE R. MARTIN *President*
LOUISE CASE *Vice-President*
MARGARET McVEY *Secretary*
DOROTHY WALLACE *Treasurer*

Executive Committee

ISABEL WOOD *House President of Carson*
ELIZABETH LOWMAN *House President of Gray*
GWENDOLYN BARRETT *House President of Manson*

Honor Council

GERTRUDE KINTZING
CATHERINE TOWNE
HELEN GUTHRIE
DOROTHY CERF

On the resignation of Marianne Martin, Louise Case became president for the remainder of the year 1917-18.

BRIAR PATCH



MARTIN, *President*
McVEY, *Secretary*

CASE, *Vice-President*
WALLACE, *Treasurer*

OFFICERS OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

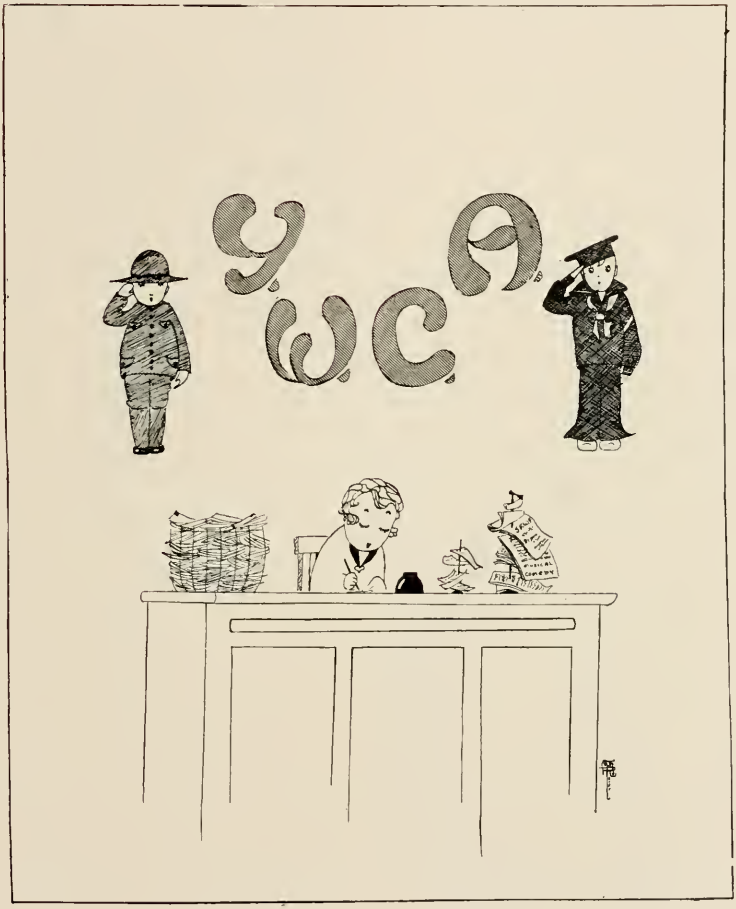
BRIAR PATCH



WOOD
BARRETT

KEMP
LOWMAN

House Presidents


COMEDY

BRIAR PATCH

Young Women's Christian Association

Officers

DOROTHY NEAL *President*
LOUISE CASE *Vice-President*
IDA WALKER *Secretary*
ELEANOR SMITH *Treasurer*

Cabinet

LOUISE CASE *Membership*
ELEANOR SMITH *Finance*
GWENDOLYN BARRETT *Social Service*
CATHERINE TOWNE *Extension*
ISABEL WOOD *Voluntary Study*
CORINNE GIBBON *Religious Meetings*
ROSANNE GILMORE *Publicity*
VIVIENNE BARKALOW *Social*

Advisory Board

DR. THOMAS D. LEWIS
MRS. H. P. WORTHINGTON
MR. A. HILLS
MRS. WILLIAM DEW
MISS J. P. SIMRALL
MISS ELLA P. SMITH
MISS ELIZABETH JOHNSTON

BRIAR PATCH



NEAL, *President*
WALKER, *Secretary*
CASE, *Vice-President*
SMITH, *Treasurer*

OFFICERS Y. W. C. A.

BRIAR PATCH



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

BARRETT
GILMORE
GIBBON

TOWNE
WOOD
BARKALOW

BRIAR PATCH

Y. W. C. A.

AN organization which does not sit with folded hands and pious, upturned gaze is our Young Women's Christian Association. It is inseparably and indissolubly bound up with every phase of campus activity, and it links us with the world beyond our narrow limits. There is work in it for every college and academy student to take her share. Practical social service is demonstrated in the detailed work of the Sweet Briar Sunday School and the Indian Mission. Artistic talent, literary ability, wit and ingenuity find their outlet in the publicity demands of the Association. In Bible and mission study classes opportunity is given to become acquainted with world rather than campus problems, where the selfsame principles of Christian democracy must hold true. Music, dramatics, athletics—all take an important part in the social work. To give the students something to think about and act on—interesting, sound, and vital—is the big task of the religious meetings committee. The practical problems of mathematics must be coped with by the chairman of finance and her efficient committee.

To unify all, to permeate all with the spirit, the ideals of Christ, and by practical everyday living of these ideals persuade others to accept them; "To bring girls to Christ, to train them in Christ, and to send them out for Christ"—this is the object, the opportunity of the Y. W. C. A. of Sweet Briar.

BRIAR PATCH

The Indian Mission

ELIZABETH C. EGGLESTON



About four miles west of Sweet Briar there is a scattered colony of several hundred people of mixed Indian, negro, and white blood. Tradition says that a tribe of Indians, on its way to Washington to tell its troubles to the Great White Father, detached its more quarrelsome members, and, moving on, left them to shift for themselves. They settled in the mountain coves about six miles from Amherst, and intermingled with the whites and negroes of the vicinity. To-day their descendants live in cabins in the most primitive and squalid conditions, few of them owning even the scrubby patch of ground in front of their cabins, where they raise a bit of corn or a few vegetables. Most of them, men, women, and children, are day laborers on the surrounding farms.



Some years ago, through the untiring efforts of Mr. Arthur Gray, a little church was built in the approximate center of the region occupied by the Indians. At the same time a tiny mission house and a two-roomed schoolhouse were erected, Sweet Briar furnishing the funds for one of the buildings.

Since that time services have been held semi-regularly in the church by Amherst ministers, and a Sunday school has flourished. A missionary has resided at the mission, and has taught "readin', writin', and 'rithmetic," and, to the best of her ability, standards of Christian living.

Hitherto, school has been held in only one of the rooms, but in the fall of 1917 the Sweet Briar Y. W. C. A. equipped the second room with the things necessary for a simple, sanitary kitchen and workroom.

BRIAR PATCH





Every week, when the weather permits, a party of Sweet Briar girls walks over and conducts simple classes in cooking, sewing, and kindergarten work. Amherst has just installed a domestic science teacher for the public schools of the county, and once a week she holds classes in the various branches of domestic science at the mission.

The ultimate aim of the Y. W. C. A. is, in coöperation with state and county authorities, to establish an industrial school, where the girls can learn cooking, sewing, poultry raising, and the care of a home; and where the boys may learn farming, gardening, and practical carpentry. Above all, it is desired to teach practical Christian ideals of living.

At present the school is greatly handicapped. The children go home and forget in their squalid surroundings the lessons of cleanliness and order they have learned during the day. Even when they begin to be influenced by the school life, they are taken away and placed as laborers in the field. One of the most serious obstacles in the way of the growth of the mission is that it owns no land. We hope that this may be remedied in time.

The Indian Mission is one of the most interesting fields for social service to be found in the State. The problem is, indeed, a knotty one. A race scorned by the white and scorning the negro, a people with the mental, moral, and physical weaknesses of all three races, is, indeed, a responsibility to Sweet Briar, Amherst County, and the State. To all who will avail themselves of it, it offers an unlimited opportunity for service.



BRIAR PATCH

Sweet Briar Sunday School

HAVE you ever walked past the Sunday school on Sunday afternoon and heard us sing? If you have you know the spirit that prevails in Sweet Briar Sunday School. Every Sunday at three o'clock we come together for the lesson and to sing praises and to give thanks to our Heavenly Father.

But Sunday is not the only day that we are busy. On Wednesday afternoon the boys meet with Miss Neuffer for mechanical drawing and manual training. And in nice weather they take long hikes together.

The older girls have a cooking class on Saturday morning under Charlotte Seaver. And if you remember your own thrill of being able to really cook and really help mother you will understand the enthusiasm with which these Saturday mornings are looked forward to.

Mary Virginia Crabbs has charge of the "Sunshine Club," which the tiny tots enjoy. They meet on Friday afternoon and delight in coloring, cutting, and pasting.

We are looking forward into the future when we can have our new "Neighborhood House," because then we can do so many more things than we are able to do now.



BRIAR PATCH



The Blue Ridge Conference

BLUE RIDGE, in the heart of those glorious North Carolina mountains, is an inspiration and a glorious opportunity in itself. But Blue Ridge with a Young Women's Christian Association Conference is the most wonderful experience in the life of any girl who is privileged to be one of the delegates in attendance. In the midst of nature, nature and God come very close to the hearts of those earnest girls and leaders, and the mountain top at Blue Ridge comes to mean to them something so beautiful, so sacred, that it is almost a shrine in their hearts.

But it isn't a "goody-goody" place. Oh, dear me, no! All morning we go to Bible and mission study classes, technical councils, and committee meetings. Long hikes, tennis, basket-ball, track, and swimming, under the supervision of the Recreation Committee, take up our afternoons. After dinner we gather on the steps of Robert E. Lee hall, sing our college songs, and wave our banners. At eight o'clock

we have general assembly in the auditorium, and some great religious speaker addresses us in the most interesting and practical way on those questions which lie deepest and are most vital in our Christian life.

After we have been to Blue Ridge we are proud that we are Christians, just as proud as that we are Americans. And we are proud that we are members of the Young Women's Christian Association, the greatest army of girls in the world, and, although we may not be in the trenches on the front line of battle, we are doing all we can to keep the best fit there, and we are proud of them and our Association. Blue Ridge does all this for us and more. As Miss Condé told us last year, it is the spiritual dessert to a hearty dinner, and it tastes mighty good!



BRIAR PATCH



Miss Eleanor Smith

S. F. War Fund

STUDENTS' FRIENDSHIP WAR FUND!

What does that phrase make you think of? Seven thousand dollars? Promotion committee? Bulletin-board? Mr. George Irving? Whatever you may think at the moment, doesn't it at the last analysis mean simply that Sweet Briar took its place with the other colleges of the nation and gave what it could to the men who are giving all for it?

When the delegates returned from the setting-up conference in Richmond and the rumor circulated that Sweet Briar might attempt a five-thousand-dollar goal, enthusiasm was at a low ebb and wise heads shook soberly. A vigorous educational campaign—achieved through a promotion committee whose zeal for the cause never wavered for an instant, through an unexcelled bulletin-board service, and through speakers, who had first-hand knowledge of the conditions the fund would relieve—

brought the entire campus into sympathy and understanding. Five thousand dollars remained a big sum, but Sweet Briar as a whole realized that it must, it could, and it would give to the utmost. Pray that the utmost would be at least five thousand dollars!

Mr. George Irving, National Executive of the Fund, addressed the college on Sunday, November 11th. One hour afterwards pledges passed the coveted high-water mark and in a day seven thousand was reached! Before college closed for the Christmas holidays every dollar was paid! Every member of the college community had taken her share in the college privilege and responsibility. Each loves Sweet Briar as she has never loved it before. She in Sweet Briar and Sweet Briar in her have demonstrated that she is a true unit of that world democracy for which our nation fights to-day!



ATHLETICS



BRIAR PATCH

Athletic Association

Officers

CORNELIA CARROLL *President*
HELEN BEASON *Vice-President*
FLORENCE FREEMAN *Secretary*
DELIA MAY GILMORE *Treasurer*

Executive Committee

Vivienne Barkalow
Dorothy Neal
Nancy Hanna
Rogers Gibbon
Katherine Nicholson
Frances Sellers

Physical Director

Miss Josephine Guion

BRIAR PATCH



CARROLL, *President*
FREEMAN, *Secretary*

BEASON, *Vice-President*
GILMORE, *Treasurer*

OFFICERS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

BASKET BALL



BRIAR PATCH

VARSITY

Forwards

Vivienne Barkalow
Elizabeth Lowman
Catharine Marshall

Centers

Marianne Martin
Delia May Gilmore
Jane Pratt

Guards

Cornelia Carroll (Capt.)
Louise Case
Margaret McVey



VIVIENNE BARKALOW

ACADEMY

Forwards

Virginia Jones
Adele Lowry
Helen Shepherd

Centers

Rogers Gibbon
Katherine Nicholson
Louise Wolf

Guards

Jeanne Lowry
Frances Sellers (Capt.)
Ruth Wolf

HEAD OF BASKET-BALL

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE

Forwards

Vivienne Barkalow
Elizabeth Lowman
Nancy Hanna

Centers

Marianne Martin
Jane Pratt

Guards

Cornelia Carroll
Louise Case (Capt.)
Margaret McVey

JUNIOR

Forwards

Delia May Gilmore (Capt.)
Rosanne Gilmore
Caroline Sharpe

Centers

Dorothy Wallace
Frances Wild
Isabel Luke

Guards

Henrietta Anderson
Elizabeth Eggleston

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN

Forwards

Alice Babcock
Delia May Gilmore (Capt.)
Ellen Wolf

Centers

Olivia Klingelhofer
Lucile Warwick
Dorothy Wallace

Guards

Elizabeth Claxton
Ethel Wilson
Rosanne Gilmore

SOPHOMORE

Forwards

Nancy Hanna
Ida Massie

Centers

Helen Beeson (Capt.)
Helen Bishop

Guards

Gwendolyn Barrett
Ruth Hulburd

SENIOR

Forwards

Vivienne Barkalow
Elizabeth Lowman

Centers

Marianne Martin
Jane Pratt

Guards

Cornelia Carroll
Louise Case (Capt.)
Margaret McVey

FRESHMAN

Forwards

Alice Babcock
Ellen Wolf (Capt.)

Centers

Olivia Klingelhofer
Lucile Warwick

Guards

Elizabeth Claxton
Ethel Wilson

BRIAR PATCH



CASE
MC VEY
CARROLL

BARKALOW
LOWMAN
GILMORE

VARSITY TEAM

BRIAR PATCH



Senior-Sophomore Team



Junior-Freshman Team

BRIAR PATCH



Senior Team



Junior Team

BRIAR PATCH



Sophomore Team



Freshman Team



Academy Team

BRIAR PATCH

Wearers of the S. B.

V. Barkalow
Basket-Ball

M. Martin
Basket-Ball

M. McVey
Basket-Ball

D. M. Gilmore
Basket-Ball
Hockey

L. Case
Basket-Ball
Tennis

C. Carroll
Basket-Ball
Tennis

E. Lowman
Basket-Ball

M. Rozelle
Hockey

Wearers of Stripe

C. Carroll

L. Case

Wearers of S. B. A.

K. Nicholson
Hockey

F. Sellers
Basket-Ball

A. Fawcus
Hockey

R. Gibbon
Basket-Ball

L. Wolf
Basket-Ball

R. Wolf
Basket-Ball

D. Chelf
Hockey

L. Shepherd
Basket-Ball

E. Ensor
Hockey

BRIAR PATCH



McVEY
Basket-Ball



CASE
Basket-Ball
Tennis



GILMORE
Basket-Ball
Hockey



BARKALOW
Basket-Ball

S. B.



NICHOLSON
Hockey



L. WOLF
Basket-Ball



R. WOLF
Basket-Ball



SELLERS
Basket-Ball

S. B. A.

BRIAR PATCH



LOWMAN
Basket-Ball



CARROLL
Basket-Ball



Tennis
ROZELLE
Hockey

WINNERS



SHEPHERD
Basket-Ball



GIBBON
Basket-Ball



CHELF
Hockey



FAWCUS
Hockey

WINNERS

Outdoor Sports



BRIAR PATCH

VARSITY

L. Case, R. F.
C. Carroll, L. F.
D. M. Gilmore (Capt.), C. F.
V. Barkalow, R. H. B.
M. Rozelle, L. H. B.
M. McVey, C. H. B.
C. Seaver, R. F. B.
K. Kemp, L. F. B.
E. Lowman, G. G.
N. Hanna, R. W.
J. Pratt, L. W.

SUBSTITUTES

R. McGeorge, F. B.
H. Guthrie, F.
H. Bishop, H. B.



D. M. GILMORE

ACADEMY

K. Nicholson, C. F.
D. Chelf (Capt.), R. F.
E. Ensor, L. F.
E. Mackall, C. H. B.
B. Karger, R. H. B.
F. Hunt, L. H. B.
L. Wolf, R. F. B.
B. Harken, L. F. B.
E. Harken, G. G.
A. Fawcus, R. W.
L. Taylor, L. W.

SUBSTITUTES

H. Wright, H. B.
R. Wolf, F.
V. Knight, F. B.

HEAD OF HOCKEY

FRESHMEN	SOPHOMORES	SENIOR-JUNIOR
E. Wolf, C. F.	M. Rozelle, C. F.	L. Case, R. F.
R. Schladermundt, R. F.	I. Massie, R. F.	C. Carroll, L. F.
E. Shoup, L. F.	H. Guthrie, L. F.	D. M. Gilmore (Capt.), C. F.
R. Simpson, C. H. B.	M. Wiener, C. H. B.	V. Barkalow, R. H. B.
N. Weichselbaum, R. H. B.	V. Merrill, R. H. B.	C. Guggenheimer, L. H. B.
E. Adams, L. H. B.	G. Ball, L. H. B.	M. McVey, C. H. B.
M. Taylor, R. F. B.	K. Kemp, R. F. B.	C. Seaver, R. F. B.
H. Moore, L. F. B.	R. McGeorge, L. F. B.	I. Walker, L. F. B.
D. Cerf, G. G.	H. Bishop, R. W.	J. Pratt, R. W.
E. Finke, R. W.	N. Hanna, L. W.	M. Reed, L. W.
G. Anderson, L. W.	E. Pennypacker, G. G.	E. Lowman, G. G.



Varsity

BRIAR PATCH



Senior-Junior Team



Sophomore Team

BRIAR PATCH



Freshman Team



Academy Team



CARROLL

HEAD OF TENNIS

1917

SINGLES CUP COLLEGE

Mary Caroline Hogg, '20

INTERCLASS CUP

Case, '18

Carroll, '18

DOUBLES CUP

Case, '18

Carroll, '18

SINGLES CUP ACADEMY

Josephine Foster, '18

BRIAR PATCH



HEAD OF WINTER SPORTS

NANCY HANNA

"Good-bye, Summer.
So Long, Fall.
Hello, Winter Time!"







DRAMATIC CLUBS



BRIAR PATCH

Paint and Patches

Officers

CHARLOTTE SEAVER.....*President*

JANE PRATT.....*Vice-President*

KATHERINE BLOCK.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

Committee

Elizabeth Lowman
Iloe Bowers

Faculty Adviser

Miss Josephine Simrall

BRIAR PATCH



SEAVER, *President* PRATT, *Vice-President* BLOCK, *Secretary-Treasurer*

OFFICERS OF PAINT AND PATCHES

BRIAR PATCH

All Dramatic Plays

TO be Irish—the first play presented by the Dramatic Association this year was two plays. The first was "The Pot of Broth," by William Yeats, one of the charming little Irish plays which have become popular in recent years. The three Irish character parts, with all their innate humor and interest, were played with considerable spirit and skill, and the more elusive humor of the Irish play made a good contrast to the simpler farce that followed it. "Helena's Husband," a delicious satire that had been originally presented by the Washington Square players. But surely the New York lovers could not have improved on the superbly emotional portrayal of Helen Beeson and Marianne Martin as Paris and Helena. Every heart was turning handsprings as their soaring emotion finally found vent in one long, rapturous kiss of frenzied and passionate devotion, and the course of true love, contrary to the old adage, ran smoothly out of the door.

The Senior Play

On Thursday, November 15th, the Class of 1918 presented Sheridan's play, "A School for Scandal." The class is certainly to be congratulated on the success of the play. Every member of the cast did full justice to her part. One of the most striking features of the play was the excellence of casting and staging. In a performance so entirely well done, it is difficult to pick out any particular star. The work of Esther Turk, however, as Lady Teazle, should be placed first, if that place may be given to any one. This was the most difficult part in the play, and it was handled in a way which left nothing to be desired. She was ably backed by Margaret McVey as Sir Peter Teazle, her elderly husband. Eleanor Smith, as Sir Oliver Surface, made a most delightful rich uncle. The young scapegrace, Charles Surface, was portrayed by Cornelia Carroll in a way which greatly increased her large list of admirers, while every one agreed that Katherine Marshall was lovely as Maria. Charlotte Seaver made a very convincing hypocrite, as Joseph Surface, a character which we know must have been hard for her to adopt. The gossips who composed the "School for Scandal" were very well played, headed by Elanette Sollitt as Lady Sneerwell. The portrayal of Sir Benjamin Backbite, by Marianne Martin, deserves especial notice. The whole cast acted together splendidly, and the result was one of the best plays given at Sweet Briar.


RIPPLER



The Ripplers

The Rippler Chapter

Officers

G. ELANETTE SOLLITT *President*
ESTHER C. TURK *Secretary*

Members

Marjorie Abraham
Iloe Bowers
Katherine D. Block
Louise Case
Cornelia Carroll
Rosanne Gilmore
Helen Guthrie
Ruth Gladfelter
Louise Hammond
Florence Ives
Olivia Klingelhofer
Catherine Marshall
Virginia Miller
Marianne Martin
Rebecca McGeorge
Mary Jones Nixon
Josephine Payne
Dorothy Pryor
Dorothy Powell
Charlotte Seaver
Miriam Thompson
Laura Thompson
Claire Taylor
Katherine Taylor

BRIAR PATCH

Junior Play

THE Junior Class may congratulate itself justly on the successful accomplishment of a difficult piece of work. To present "The Poor Little Rich Girl," with its large cast, elaborate setting, and intricate theme, was to undertake no mean task. But they unquestionably made a real success of the play. They were aided by Martha Darden, a Sweet Briar favorite of long standing, who played the part of the poor little rich girl with all her usual charm and vivacity. The characters were so numerous and the changes of scene so complicated that it would have seemed improbable that amateurs with such a limited stage equipment could coördinate the play properly. The story has little or no plot and depends enormously on the sympathy excited by the little girl. But Martha Darden handled the difficult part exquisitely and every member of the cast played up to her splendidly. Each actress made the most of her individual part and yet subordinated it to the whole, so that a play which might well become disjointed and dull was rendered with perfect harmony of detail.


MERRY
JESTER
FLO FREEMAN



The Merry Jesters

BRIAR PATCH

Merry Jesters

Officers

MARGARET McVEY ---------- *President*
CORINNE GIBBON ---------- *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

Josephine Ahara
Rhoda Allen
Vivienne Barkalow
Helen Beeson
Genevieve Brosius
Mary Virginia Crabbs
Dorothy Cerf
Mildred Ellis
Hildegarde Flanner
Florence Freeman
Corinne Gibbon
Delia May Gilmore
Frances Helmick
Marion Lincoln
Elizabeth Lowman
Virginia Merrill
Margaret McVey
Dorothy Neal
Jane Pratt
Leila Sawyer
Ernestine Shayler
Eleanor Smith
Emma Smith
Mildred Thompson
Lucile Warwick

BRIAR PATCH

Musical Comedy

ON February 15, 1918, the Social Committee of the Y. W. C. A. presented "My Modern Maid," a musical comedy composed and produced by Miss Barkalow, Miss Lowman, and Miss Seaver. From the point of view of production it was probably the most spectacular performance staged this year. The greatest care was taken to make the operetta approximate a professional performance in every detail, and to smooth out as many of the discrepancies inherent in amateur work as could be done by laborious supervision. The committee has done splendid work and there can be no question that it was "no slouch of a job." It is always desirable to provide a new outlet for the musical talent of the college, and, in addition to this, for the dancing—a feature too often disregarded in college dramatic work.

This is only the second musical comedy Sweet Briar has produced, but its tremendous improvements in originality and charm promise well for all future effort. Whenever adequate material can be found, this side of college dramatic work ought not to be neglected, for it presents too many valuable opportunities. Our isolation throws us, to a great extent, on our own resources in providing entertainment, and we certainly ought not to neglect the possibilities of musical comedy when staged with the good taste and interest that rendered "My Modern Maid" so attractive to the audience.

There was a strikingly happy blending of delicious topical jokes, entertaining burlesque humor, exquisite dancing, and popular songs extremely well rendered. The gay little war plot added zest to the comedy and gathered the various features into an harmonious and timely whole. It is hard to choose between the three settings—each is conspicuous: the first for the beauty of the American garden it portrayed; the second for the ingenuity shown in constructing the scene on the transport with such limited material; the third for the appropriate originality which laid it in a Y. W. C. A. Hostess House. Also we must congratulate the writers on the restraint and simplicity of the farewell and reunion scenes in the first and third acts. Every individual character was adequately and vivaciously presented. Miss Lincoln, as the débutante heroine, was quite professionally enchanting, and Miss Allen, as the hero,

delighted every one by her clever acting and her fine voice. Miss Harkins and Miss Dodd, as the Spy and the Vampire, would have done credit to a Vitagraph movie. Miss Beason and Miss Shayler reduced every one in the audience to joyful tears with their farcical gaiety, and delighted them by the presence of mind with which they foiled the doughty "villyan."

The humorous characters were almost too numerous to do justice to, but we can not leave out the screamingly funny interpretation of the cook by Miss Petritz.

The good work of the chorus, led by Miss Freeman and Miss Gibbon, seemed very professional indeed when supplemented by our new and much-augmented Sweet Briar Orchestra. The songs were especially effective—lacking a composer, the committee had fitted the most attractive of the popular songs to the theme with the greatest success, as, for example, the letter-writing scene and the chorus of "Long, Long Trail." The dancing of Miss Flanner and Miss Schladermundt was most unusual in such a purely amateur production and tremendously enhanced its success.

Last, by position but not by merit, comes the original and patriotic finale with its graceful tribute to America and to the Allies, which is led up to without any of the banality which characterizes even professional work in too many instances and detracts from its effect. Certainly we could find nowhere a more graceful and inspirational Goddess of Liberty than Miss Marshall when she appears in the rôle of Peace to close the performance.






MIZARD
A FREEMAN



The Wizards

BRIAR PATCH

Wizards

Officers

KATHERINE NICHOLSON *President*
KATHARINE McCLAY *Secretary*

Members

Jean Blair
Daisy Bullard
Virginia Carmichael
Hazel Guggenheim
Eoline Harkin
Frances Henderson
Louise Hilton
Jeanne Lowry
Stanley Miller
Jeanette Monroe
Dorothy Nicholson
Ruth Richards
Ruth Sheldon
Lillias Shepherd
Louise Wolf



Sweet Briar House

BRIAR PATCH

The Purpose and the Progress of Sweet Briar

SWEET BRIAR has entered the second decade of her history strong in the accomplishment of the past and eager to attain to the high promise of the future. The college does not desire any spectacular or superficial success, but purposes to build slowly on broad and strong foundations. Although in great need of a Library, and Science Buildings, and of a suitable and separate Chapel, we have determined to be content, while the cost of construction is prohibitive, with the five buildings we already have, and to direct our efforts along three main lines, viz.:

To strengthen and enlarge the faculty,
To increase the number of college students to the capacity of the institution,
To hold tenaciously to a high standard of excellence.

Increase in Faculty

During the past year and a half the Modern Language Department has been augmented by an assistant professor and an additional instructor; the English Department by a professor and a part-time instructor. Home Economics has been made a separate department with an associate professor. Since this change the department has trebled in numbers. Several laboratory assistants have been engaged to take care of the unusually large registration in chemistry, and a new instructor has been appointed for physics. The numbers in the Psychology Department have more than doubled. Additional courses are now offered in history, in English, in psychology, in Italian, in Spanish, in the Greek language, and in Greek and Roman life.

In order to meet the responsibilities placed upon women by the war situation, extra-curriculum emergency courses, in food production and food conservation, in war diet, in dairying, in typewriting, in public speaking, and in wireless telegraphy, will be given during the spring. No student, however, may undertake more than one of these subjects, and no credit is given.

Additional Equipment

The chemistry and physics equipments have been augmented by research tables, additional students' work tables, and a considerable amount of heavy apparatus; the biology and botany by a number of excellent new microscopes. Physics now has its own laboratory and adequate facilities for college work. Home Economics has an additional laboratory room and new gas stoves and new furnishings throughout. We have a new gas engine of large capacity for the laboratories, new engines in the Power-House, and new labor-saving devices in the Refectory. The Library has been the object of special concern for the past year. Through memorial gifts and purchases it has been increased by 1,460 volumes, and it is in excellent working order.

Physical Education

For the first time, in 1918, physical education has been made compulsory for the Freshman and Sophomore years. Through the aid of the Athletic Association modern apparatus has been purchased for the gymnasium, thus increasing the usefulness of the building for winter work. Basket-ball, dancing, swimming, rowing, hockey, and tennis alternate in the proper seasons. It is planned to develop steadily the course in physical education and to make this department one of the strongest in the college, as Sweet Briar offers unusual opportunities along these lines. During the fall and spring each student is assigned to whatever outdoor game or sport is best adapted to her needs and preferences. All the sports are under the direction of the instructor in physical education. Corrective exercises, team gymnasium work, indoor basket-ball, and dancing occupy the winter term.

Increase in Student Body

The enrollment for the present year, 301, is the largest in the history of the institution. Of these 182 are registered in the college, an increase of more than forty per cent over last year. The entering college class numbered 112, almost twice the size of the entering class of 1917. In fact it was necessary to refuse many applicants both in the college and academy. The upper classes, too, gained a number of students through transfer. For the most part the new students show thorough preparation for college work.

BRIAR PATCH

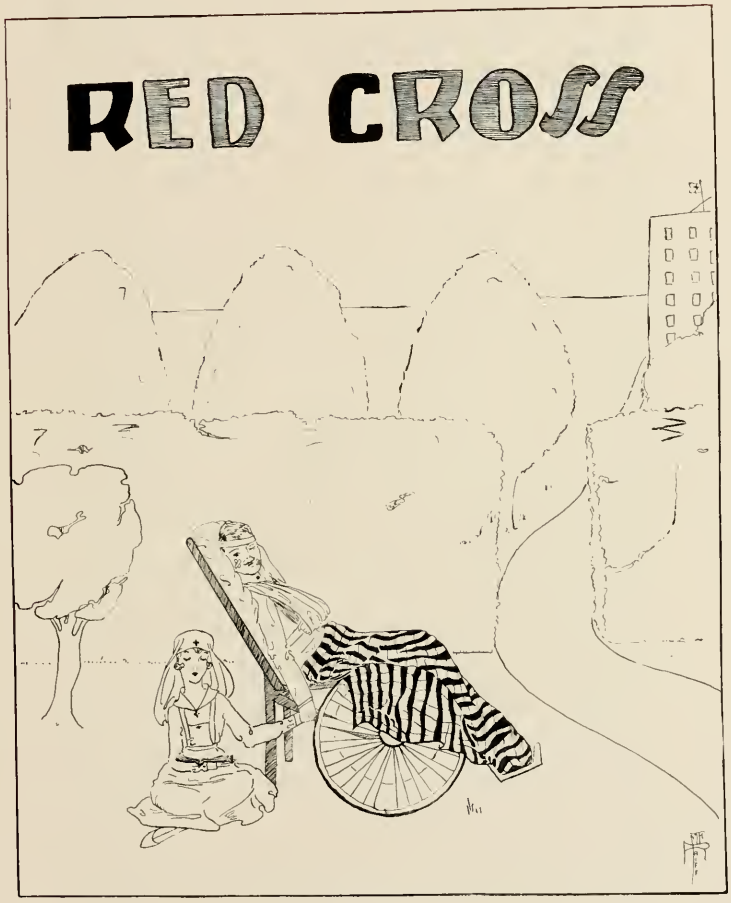
Greater Sweet Briar

When the annual makes its appearance the campaign for a greater Sweet Briar will have been launched. We want a Sweet Briar greater than ever before; we want 300 well-prepared, earnest college students, students who realize that to-day a four-year college course is a valuable asset to a woman not only in her personal life and in her possible profession, but also in her larger relations to the social whole. We want a Sweet Briar that will be of service to the college life of the country, because it knows how to interpret truly the meaning of "liberal education"; because it realizes that no education, liberal or technical, is of value as an end in itself, but only as a means to a better comprehension of human needs and human problems.

Sweet Briar asks all its present members, all its alumnæ, and former students to aid in this great enterprise, to work as they have never worked before for the upbuilding of such a student body, for the developing of their college, for the maintenance of high personal and educational standards.






RED CROSS



Surgical Dressings Class

Red Cross Association

Officers

IDA WALKER ---------- *President*
MISS ELIZABETH JOHNSON ---------- *Secretary*
ROSANNE GILMORE ---------- *Treasurer*

Committees

MARGARET PETRITZ ---------- *Wool*
HELEN JOHNSTON ---------- *Membership*
FANNY ELLSWORTH ---------- *Social*
HELEN BISHOP ---------- *Surgical Dressings*
FRANCES HENDERSON ---------- *Publicity*
MARGARET TURNER ---------- *Kits*
KATHERINE NICHOLSON ---------- *Red Cross Stamps*
ROSANNE GILMORE ---------- *Finance*

Faculty Advisers

MISS HOWLAND MISS THATCHER

BRIAR PATCH

The Red Cross at Sweet Briar

ONLY a hundred years ago women all over the world were lamentably lacking in knowledge of how to care for the sick. They were apparently insensible to the ever-urgent need of such knowledge. Nursing as a profession did not exist, and, as a result, the conditions in the few hospitals were deplorable and the loss of life after the wounds of battle almost unbelievable. A woman of England, Florence Nightingale, who had, from childhood, been passionately fond of nursing, arose to meet the needs of the times. All through her life she had tried to protect the helpless and the injured. As a little girl she could not bear to see flowers and animals hurt. Later it was the soldiers of her country for whom she labored. For twelve years she traveled on the continent of Europe visiting and studying hospitals. Not long after her return to England, the Crimean War broke out. Into the scenes of misery and squalor went Florence Nightingale. She was said, by the British Government, to be the first woman to enter a British Military Hospital. By the work of this one woman and her corps of helpers, the conditions of the wounded were greatly improved and the number of those who recovered from their wounds was much increased. The soldiers, appreciative of all that she had done for them, raised a large sum of money in her name. With this money Florence Nightingale founded the first hospital training school for girls. Under the inspiration of the work of this great woman, Henri Dunant, a young Swiss, conceived the idea of an international organization to carry out the work that she had accomplished almost unaided. He and a group of interested men called together a council of fourteen nations at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1864. This council resulted in the adoption of an international treaty which gave to the world the organization of the Red Cross. Florence Nightingale laid the foundation for the Red Cross in Europe; Clara Barton introduced it in America. Largely through her efforts the Geneva treaty was signed by the United States in 1882, and the American Red Cross was established. It has grown steadily, until to-day there is a branch of the Red Cross at work in practically every community in the land no matter how small or how remote the community may be. It is of the work in one of these smaller and more remote communities that I wish to speak.

The Red Cross at Sweet Briar was started in April, 1917, shortly after war was declared. The girls heard the call, and strove to answer it by giving some

material help as soon as possible. The Current Events Club took the matter in hand, and, through the combined efforts of Miss Sparrow and Miss Martin, materials for bandages and outside dressings were procured and Red Cross work at Sweet Briar began. The girls worked on an average of three hours a week. The room which had been procured for the work, in Academic, was almost always crowded with willing helpers anxious to do their bit. Before college closed a large box containing roller bandages, head bandages, and slings had been sent off to one of the base hospitals.

When college opened this year, there was even greater enthusiasm for Red Cross work. In October a mass meeting was held at which Helen Johnston gave an outline of the work for the coming year. Helen Johnston later resigned and Ida Walker was chosen as chairman.

The officers and chairmen of the executive committee are as follows:

Ida Walker	*Chairman*
Miss Elizabeth H. Johnston	*Secretary*
Rosanne Gilmore	*Treasurer*
Helen Bishop	*Surgical Dressings Committee*
Frances Henderson	*Publicity Committee*
Fanny Ellsworth	*Entertainment Committee*
Margaret Turner	*Kits*
Katherine Nicholson	*Magazines*
Miss Thatcher, Miss Howland	*Faculty Members*

The work that the girls accomplished during the first semester is well deserving of praise. In November the Sweet Briar Red Cross was fortunate enough to procure Mrs. I. W. Littel, from Washington, to organize classes of instruction in surgical dressings. Thirty-five girls, fully realizing the amount of time and labor it would demand, signed up for the course. Two hours a day for two weeks was quite strenuous, intensive training, as the girls were obliged at the same time to keep up with their studies and their regular work. About the last of November a box containing a thousand surgical dressings, which the girls had made, was sent to the Potomac Division Warehouse. Twenty girls are now awaiting instructors' certificates from Washington. When they receive the certificates they will be allowed to instruct in the making of surgical dressings. These girls, like Florence Nightingale, will be meeting an ever-urgent need.

BRIAR PATCH

While some of the girls were busy with the surgical dressings work others were employed in packing Christmas boxes for the soldiers and sailors. Each one was, indeed, an ideal sort of a surprise package. In every one there were two interesting books, a package of gum, two bars of Hershey's chocolate, a package of dates, a package of tobacco, a box of matches, a pack of cards, pencils and writing paper, and a large khaki handkerchief. All the things most desired by our fighting men were packed in these Christmas kits. No one who has not been "Over There" can realize how much such small luxuries mean. Coninsby Dawson, in a letter to his sister, says, "If you don't mind my suggesting it, I wouldn't a bit mind a Christmas box at once—a schoolboy's trick box." In another letter he says, "One hasn't got an awful lot of pleasures, but smoking is one of them." Fifty-four of these joy-bringing kits were packed and sent. A part went to our soldiers in France and a part to the naval hospital at Portsmouth.

Besides the kits and dressings, Sweet Briar has given many contributions in money. The proceeds of the Academy and the Founder's Day Dance amounted to one hundred and forty-eight dollars. As there were few expenses, practically all of the sum was given over to the Red Cross. Contrary to the custom in former years, no money was expended for refreshments or decorations. The weekly church collections for the Red Cross came to about two hundred dollars, an average of twenty dollars a week. Considering the many appeals for money the girls have had for other war relief work during the first few months, this was a very good record. There has been, in addition to the systematic giving, a great deal of personal giving for the Red Cross. The girls have been throughout the year remarkably responsive. On Tag Day alone seventy-five dollars was made. This money was used for the necessary Red Cross materials here at Sweet Briar.

All the year the Magazine Committee has been busy cutting out stories from the magazines. Every week a great pile has been sent out to our soldiers and sailors everywhere.

In telling of the work Sweet Briar has done I must not omit the knitting that every one has been doing and is doing constantly. The girls knit at all times and at all places excepting classes and chapel. It is rarely that a girl goes anywhere without her knitting bag. One hundred articles have been turned in at the Red Cross here, and a great many more have been knitted and sent directly to the soldiers by the girls.

So Sweet Briar is trying to do, in every way possible, not only its "bit," but its best for the Red Cross. Plans are being made for the work for the next four months. With examinations over, there will be a greater opportunity for work, an opportunity which the Sweet Briar girls will not neglect.


Publications

BRIAR PATCH

The Sweet Briar Magazine

Staff

G. ELANETTE SOLLITT_____*Editor-in-Chief*
ELEANOR SMITH_____*Business Manager*

Associate Editors

Esther C. Turk
Elizabeth C. Eggleston
Maynette Rozelle
Nancy P. Hanna
June Hildegarde Flanner

Assistant Business Managers

Geraldine Ball
Ida Walker

BRIAR PATCH



Sweet Briar Magazine Staff

BRIAR PATCH

The Briar Patch

CAROLINE SHARPE *Editor-in-Chief*
DELIA MAY GILMORE *Business Manager*

Staff

KATHERINE BLOCK *Assistant Business Manager*
DOROTHY NEAL *Literary Editor*
FLORENCE FREEMAN *Art Editor*
MARY JONES NIXON *Assistant Art Editor*
ELIZABETH EGGLESTON *Jokes*
FRANCES WILD *Compiling Editor*
ROSANNE GILMORE *Photographs*

Faculty Editors

MISS SIMRALL MISS THATCHER

BRIAR PATCH



The Briar Patch Staff



Current Events Club

Officers

DOROTHY CERF ---------- *President*
FANNY ELLSWORTH ---------- *Secretary and Treasurer*

Committee

Helen Johnston
Virginia Miller
Miss Smith

Honorary Member

Marianne Martin

BRIAR PATCH

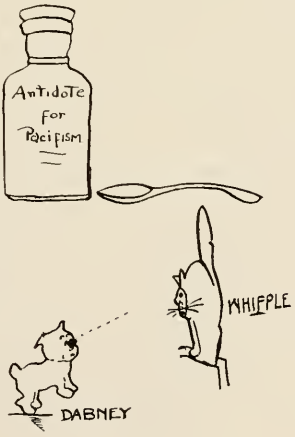
The Current Events Club

THIS year closes another chapter in the history of this association, organized for the purpose of keeping in touch with the events of the day, which, with the advent of this war, have become history in the making as never before.

In 1915 Miss Sparrow, head of the History Department, with the assistance of Miss Amy Elliott, organized the club. During the following year interclass debates were instituted under the auspices of Current Events. A mahogany debating shield was purchased, upon which the numerals of the champion team and the names of the members of the team were engraved in silver. Last year, because of the stress of Red Cross and similar activity, the championship debate was not held.

This year the club has received one heavy blow in the loss of Katherine Kemp, its president, just before Christmas.

Up to that time an interesting program was carried through, with speakers of such note as Mrs. Forbes-Robertson Hale, and plenty of interesting incidents, not the least of which was the speech of Mr. Whipple, formerly of the University of Virginia. His pacifistic sentiments, with which Sweet Briar was entirely out of sympathy, were refuted the following week by Professor Dabney, of the University.



The club was reorganized at the end of the first semester, and a debate between Freshmen and Sophomores is the first plan for the new semester. Hildegarde Flanner is captain of the former and Virginia Merrill of the latter class team. The topic of the debate will be "*Resolved*, That college should adhere to classical education." The Freshmen will take the negative and the Sophomores the affirmative.

BRIAR PATCH



MARTIN, '18
MERRILL, '20

LUKE, '19
FLANNER, '21



ACADEMY

LWOLF



The Academy

BRIAR PATCH

Academy Students

Dorothy Abernathy
Georgette Allison
Beatrice Armstrong
Sarah Aydelotte
Mildred Banks
Eliza Baxter
Virginia Beacom
Minnie Bell
Jean Blair
Lynne Bonner
Virginia Box
Gaynell Bradley
Daisy Bullard
Marjorie Campbell
Virginia Carmichael
Douglas Chelf
Gertrude Clarke
Martha Collier
Katherine Cooke
Catharine Coolidge
Emily Creekmur
Omar Davis
Martha Dickson
Flora Davison
Lee Dodd
Anna Fawcus
Catharine Fischer
Caroline Flynn
Sarah Fowler
Catherine Giddings
Dorothy Goode
Evelyn Gray
Katherine Griffiths
Elizabeth Groves
Hazel Guggenheim
Elinor Guthrie
Mary Gwinn
Beverly Hall
Celeste Harkin
Eoline Harkin
Frances Henderson
Josephine Hereford
Dorothy Hilton
Louise Hilton
Frances Hunt
Virginia Jones
Babbette Karger
Anne Keith
Hannah Keith
Emogene Kelly
Varina Knight
Marjorie Lindsay
Dorothy Lloyd
Adele Lowry
Jeanne Lowry
Katharine McClay
Emily Mackall
Gladys Mann
Frances Marsh
Mildred Marsh
Stanley Miller
Elizabeth Mills
Mary Milne
Jeanette Monroe
Dorothy Nes
Dorothy Nicholson
Katherine Nicholson
Helene Oettinger
Helen O'Farrell
Gertrude Pauley
Mildred Porter
Ruth Richards
Mary Ritchie
Laura Roberts
Vincent Roberts
Frances Rowse
Katharine Schell
Frances Sellers
Ruth Sheldon
Lilias Shepherd
Doris Shoudy
Bertha Smith
Dorothy Smith
Eleanor Smith
Helen Smith
Lelia Taylor
Elizabeth Tyler
Isabel Virden
Lily Wallace
Meta Waring
Sara Warron
Ruth West
Julia Wherry
Helen Whitehill
Elizabeth Whitman
Mary Witmer
Louise Wolf
Ruth Wolf
Therese Wolfstein
Hathaway Wright

Academy Student Government Association

Officers

FRANCES HENDERSON ---------- *President*
DAISY BULLARD ---------- *Vice-President*
RUTH SHELDON ---------- *Secretary*
JEANNE LOWRY ---------- *Treasurer*

House Presidents

Virginia Jones ---------- *Randolph*
Catharine Coolidge ---------- *Grammer*

Honor Council

Katherine Nicholson, *Chairman*

Eliza Baxter
Lily Wallace
Varina Knight
Frances Sellers

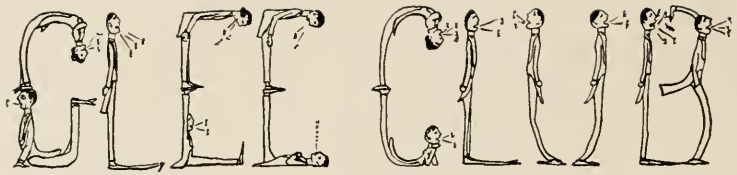
BRIAR PATCH



HENDERSON, *President*
SHELDON, *Treasurer*

BULLARD, *Vice-President*
LOWRY, *Secretary*

OFFICERS OF ACADEMY STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION



1917-18

FIRST SOPRANO

R. Allen
E. Durrell
J. Bruner
E. Finke
R. Gladfelter
E. Gould
E. Gray
C. Geschwindt
R. Knapp
C. Loney
I. Luke
M. B. McNally
V. Merrill
S. Rouse

M. Rozelle

SECOND SOPRANO

G. Anderson
V. Beacom
M. Cato
H. Guthrie
F. Ives
I. Massie
J. Lowry
D. Nicholson

L. Pochat

ALTO

D. Abernathy
V. Box
E. Groves
F. Helmick
M. Lincoln
L. Thompson
M. Turner
E. Shayler

I. Virden

Miss Young, *Director*
Miss Gertrude Kintzing, *Accompanist*

ORCHESTRA

VIOLINS

Miss Hattie Wilson
Miss Irvine Guy
Miss Julia Stone
Miss Otelia June Simmons
Miss Helen Mahood
Miss Beatrice Henry
Mr. Winston Wilkinson
Miss Mary Frances Hunt
Miss Katharine Davis
Miss Beatrice Watts
Miss Eleanor Wingfield
Miss Constance Pringle
Master Meade Wilkinson
Master Charles Pringle

Miss Ethel Gardner——*Viola*
Miss Taylor——*Violoncello*
Mr. John Weinel——*Bass*
Miss Ruth Geer——*Flute*
Dr. W. E. Walker——*Flute*
Dr. George Walker——*Clarinet*
Miss Ruby Walker——*Oboe*
Mr. C. E. Harris——*Cornet*
Miss Florence Barbour——*Piano*

Miss Charlotte K. Hull, *Conductor*

CHOIR

R. Allen
R. Blanks
J. Bruner
M. Cowan
K. Cordes
F. Davison
M. Deekins
L. Dodd
M. Ellis
A. Evans
M. Evans
S. Fowler
E. Gray
E. Gould
C. Geschwindt
B. Harkins
F. Helmick
F. Ives
M. Lincoln
J. Lowry
J. Massie
M. B. McNally
D. Nelson
L. Pochat
D. Pryor
S. Rouse
H. Shepherd
F. Scovell
E. Shayler
M. Taylor

M. Turner

Founder's Day



November sixteenth, nineteen-seventeen, as needs must be, dawned bright and sharp and clear. Excitement ran high, especially on those halls where the Freshman flunkies dressed our Seniors in their apparel of dignity.

At ten o'clock the academic procession formed outside the chapel and marched in to the majestic strains of "Ancient of days, who sittest throned in glory." After a brief invocation by Bishop Tucker, Mr. Manson, Sweet Briar's good friend, representing the board of directors, talked to us in his kindly genial manner about the Founders of Sweet Briar. The address claimed the attention of every new



student of college or academy, who then received her first introduction to Daisy and her family. It claimed the attention of every old student, because, to those who love Sweet Briar, the story of its conception can never be trite, and because this year Mr. Manson had many newly-discovered facts to add to the account.

The beautiful "Recessional" by Kipling was given by the Glee Club. The solemn beauty of it was a fitting prelude to Dean Matthews' address, "The College Women for To-day and for To-morrow." In convincing words she put before each of us our glorious opportunities, our grave new tasks. In the quiet of the chapel each of us consecrated herself to the task, each prayed that she might not be a slacker in the great work of reconstruction.

After joining in the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and after a benediction by Bishop Tucker, we marched out to the strains of our Alma Mater, "Sweet Briar, Sweet Briar, Flower Fair." We came forth into the fresh November air filled anew with a spirit of loyal devotion and zeal for the cause of our college in the mountains of old Virginia.



An afternoon of utter joy and recreation, passed by some of us in the "gym," others on the campus, and still others just doing what we most wanted to do, made us



realize even more the debt we owe our Founders. The beautiful dance in the evening, given in all simplicity and lack of extravagance, was a success from every standpoint.

The day our Seniors first assumed the dignity of Seniorhood, the day we rested at peace with all warring elements of college life, the day we hearkened to Dean Matthews' stirring call, the day we remembered those to whom we owe all our cherished memories of happy days in Sweet Briar's halls—this day must be a memorable one to each of us privileged to live it at Sweet Briar.



BRIAR PATCH



Founder's Day Dance



Academy Dance

BRIAR PATCH

Tales by Dr. Walker

IN ENGLAND

AT COLLEGE

WHEN boys are born into the world it is generally expected that they will become something, even if only the President of the United States. In fact, I have read somewhere about the choice of a profession for a boy: that if he is clever, make him a lawyer; if he is a duffer, make him a doctor; if he is a fool, make him a parson. As I lived in England, I was out on the Presidential business, and as I was already given to airing my own ideas considerably, they evidently thought that was preaching enough, so they settled to make me a doctor. To this end I was ultimately sent to college, previous education having failed to develop any dazzling brilliancy. Now a doctor's education has to include a great deal, all of which is not at once apparent to the general public. Even a medical education was not arranged as I would have fixed it, for what was the use of algebra or Euclid? Chemistry was all right; and I knew perfectly how to mix sulphur and chlorate of potash so as to make the biggest report. I was good on explosives generally. In fact my chemical abilities in



DR. WALKER

that direction were promising. Given a piece of glass tube and the use of the large blowpipe, I could make as good a vacuum bulb as any one, guaranteed to go off as well as any, too. I know certainly that they were good, because I tried them. My next-door neighbor, in the laboratory, was a nice fellow—Mather—now well known in the world. Working alongside each other, it was only natural that we were able to assist each other, and also use each other as suitable subjects for experiment. There were other men at college who evidently went there to make themselves a nuisance to their companions, and they were very successful in their endeavors. I remember one named Rider, who was a complete success in the nuisance line, and against whom Mather and I waged unceasing warfare. One day, seeing him go down to the lower laboratory, we waited on the upper road until we heard him coming under the stone foot-bridge, when we quietly dropped a bulb of bisulphide of carbon, a most evilly-smelling substance, whose presence once noticed is never desired. A succession of German imprecations notified us that somehow we had made a mistake and dropped our bomb on the wrong man. We had. For it landed on the head of the celebrated Carl Schorlemmer, a chemist of world-wide fame. We did not remain to hear all the German remarks, and were discreetly absent from college that day. We heard next day that some one had missed being expelled by not being caught for an assault on one of the professors. We were glad for the poor fellow's sake that he got away.

AT WORK

Ghosts

Ghosts! I am not afraid of ghosts, at any rate in the daytime.

It was rather prosaic, the way it happened, and it happened at a very prosaic place, a busy chemical works. It was in the early days of gas firing, when extensive experiments were being made to use coal at a distance from the boilers. We had three sets of producers, huge furnaces, with a line of planking leading to the top of them. When the gas was made it was taken down into coolers and into a

gas flue of enormous size. This huge flue was drained at the lower end by a tar well about thirty feet deep and ten feet in diameter.

I was head chemist at this works, where we employed about 700 men on the day shift and 300 on the night shift. I used a pass key to go all over the works at night when my duty or inclination called me.

As accidents occurred frequently, drinking and sleeping were forbidden, and punished with a fine when found out. Well, one night I had been to our "Good Templars" meeting, being a teetotaller, and thought it desirable to go round the works before going home. Some time before this a most curious thing had happened. A man named Jack Finch had gotten into the works while inebriated, and had gone head first into the great tar well which was uncovered. He was found next morning, sticking heels up in the tar, and, of course, quite dead. I remember seeing him in his gray suit, covered with tar. It was not long after this that "Producer Man No. 1" asked for a fresh job, saying he wanted to change his work. Our manager asked why, and he said he had seen the ghost of Jack Finch, and it scared him. This was too absurd, and our manager made great fun of it. But it was not long before three Producer men asked for a change of work. It was about this time that I came from my meeting to look over the works. I went round by the producers, and just as I came in the smoky, flaring light, I saw a man dressed in one of the usual gray suits worn by the men. I started after him. He took no notice, but hurried toward the producers. I shouted again as he hurried across the deep and dangerous pits. He again took no notice of me. He quietly hurried round the cold bank, and I knew I had him. I was after him in a jiffy, and . . . he was gone! He must be in the tar well. In a moment, I thought of Jack Finch. I yelled, "Producers." "Ay, ay, Sir," came from the man in charge, who was hurrying from below. "Where have you been?" I said sharply. He stammered, and, finally, asked me not to report him, as he had fallen asleep, having lost sleep nursing a sick child. I told him a man had just run around the coal and I wanted his light to see who it was. He said: "Don't go near, sir, that is Jack Finch." He

implored me not to go, but I insisted. A light was lowered into the well, but all was natural. What became of that man I do not know to this day. My friends say "imagination." Explain it if you can, for I can not.

IN LOVE

Have you ever been in love? I have, and it has a rather nice aspect, in spite of poets and other mad folks' opinions! When I was six years old, I was seriously smitten with the charm of a sweet lady. Nothing came of it, as she was thirty-six, and I grew older and tried again. This time it was a very sweet girl only twice as old as I was. Then I became the abject slave of a fair one who was just half again as old as I, and if at any time before I showed any likelihood of possessing any sense, it was not observable now. This lady and I quarreled because of her brother whom I didn't like.

About this time I left home, and was thrown on my own resources. I developed a taste for music, and about the same time started teaching a Sunday-school class of young girls. Amongst them were two bright little lassies, one thirteen and the other eight years old, sisters of my chemical chum and musical accompanist. Being much in the company of my chum, I saw a great deal of his sisters, and grew very fond of them. Once when my accompanist and I quarreled about playing a certain piece of music, my little friend Pollie, the older of the sisters, played the accompaniment for me, and did it very well indeed. Both she and I little thought what a long accompaniment that was fated to be, for it has already lasted over forty-five years, and in that accompaniment she has never played one false note.



DR. AND MRS. WALKER

Our trouble began when Mrs. Taylor, Pollie's mother, said Pollie was getting too much wrapped up in our practices and my chum and I must continue them at my lodgings. We did as she suggested, but before long things dropped back into



MISS NEUFFER

their old way, and we slowly resumed our practices at Pollie's parents' home. I was again asked to leave, but this time said I was as much wrapped up in Pollie as she was in me. It became generally known that I was going to marry her as soon as she was old enough, and things went finely—for a while.

Soon it was proposed that Pollie should go to Wales to keep house for her brother Jim, who was employed as a chemist there. I objected to her going away, and, after much argument with her father and mother, she wasn't sent to Wales. But some time later she went with her mother to Buxton for a several weeks' stay. Her mother was called home, and I visited Pollie in Buxton very often. I also visited the Vicar of Fairfield, and also asked him for a marriage license at the same time. To avoid attracting attention at home, I made all arrangements for the wedding, even to buying suitable dresses and bonnet for my dear one. The wedding came duly off, and we were married as firmly as ever anybody could wish to be. Now that we were man and wife, I began to consider the next move. Pollie was called home unexpectedly because of her mother's illness, and we decided to wait a little before telling of our wedding at her home. Then I went to confess to my never-failing brother Will, who might always be depended on for good advice. He showed me frankly and fairly that I had wronged Pollie by not giving her a chance of c h o o s i n g, if she wanted to, a more desirable p a r t n e r, as she was such a child yet. He also told me that I had to take good care that she should never be disappointed in me. He proposed telling my father for me, saying that I had e n o u g h on



THE FORD



my hands making peace with her parents, which I must at once attempt to do.

I thought that if I told her brother first it would be best. But, to my dismay, he flew into a violent rage, and said I had not gotten Pollie and never should have her. He left me in a furious temper.

I proceeded to have the inspector of Police send up six officers with instructions to wait at the end of the street until I called them, while I went and demanded my wife. I finally succeeded in persuading her people of the utter futility of trying to keep her from me, and took her to my lodgings, had breakfast, and went off on a little wedding trip to Chapel-en-Frith. There is an old saying, that the course of true love never runs smooth. Well! As far as circumstances go, that may be true; but as far as love is concerned, it is a false statement, for I have never had a cross word from my wife in the forty-five years of my married life, and I am, though not a young man, more in love with her now than I ever was.

IN MANITOBA

In my search for vacant lands suitable for homesteads in Manitoba, a very decent fellow kindly offered to "give me a lift" if I did not mind traveling behind oxen. I gladly availed myself of his kind offer. He said he would be around in an hour for me. He went, as I found afterwards, to make the conveyance. This was simplicity itself, and consisted of two poplar poles, two auger holes in each pole, two short sticks at right angles, a couple more laid on, a big bundle of hay for the driver, and an old tea-chest for the cabin passenger. The affair was drawn by a one-horned ox, and the harness of our fiery steed was made of a piece of canvas with a hole for the ox's head and two pieces of clothes line. The driver appeared, and I



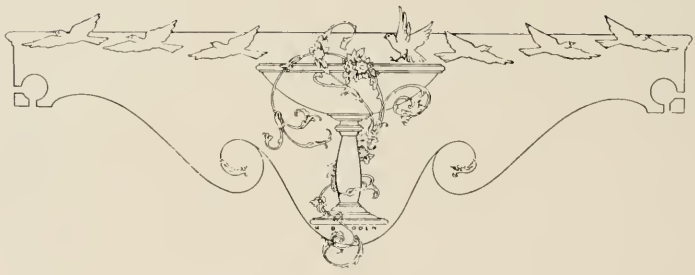
said good-bye to my new acquaintances and seated myself on the box. It was only a temporary arrangement, however, for after the ox had started with a jerk, I got up out of the snow and saw the rig proceeding without me and the men all laughing at the comical figure I cut. I enjoyed a laugh at my own expense, ran after the conveyance, and managed to get on again only to be tipped off a second time. I found I must exercise considerable skill to remain seated on the box, as it required a well-balaneed body as well as a mind to manipulate a shaky seat like that. However, I managed at last to stiek on in a sort of comfort, and much enjoyed the long drive to Birtle.

After a hazardous ride on the back of an ox through the raging, roaring torrent of water known as Snake Creek, we came to a stopping house at Silver Creek, where we stayed over Sunday. Some provisions came in, and we spent a very happy and restful day. Early on Monday we went on foot to investigate a new district near "Binscarth." It was a lovely morning, and we were filled with pleasant anticipations as we jogged along mile after mile. We came to the place, and found it consisted of 360 acres of fine land. Then, feeling like Samson, we pushed on to see *the* Section 12, Township 20, Range 29, West, as it was legally designated.



My feelings as I looked over the lovely valley were peculiar. I was delighted, and almost unable to believe that an application and $10.00 would make that sweet place my own property. I shall never forget my pleasure in marching around this estate, which I had simply to live on and cultivate a little to own. I christened my new home "Farlands," and pitched my tent. Then I commenced to erect

a shelter for myself. A good plan was a "dug-out," a cave-like hole in the hillside covered with poles and sods and soils. I did the digging!—three days of solid hand-blistering work, harder for me, because I had not spent my life at that sort of work. That dug-out made our home—for my wife and children and "Aumtie," until our log house was built five months later.



BRIAR PATCH



TEA HOUSE



SWEET BRIAR HOUSE

BRIAR PATCH

To the Evening Star

I

Oh, star of evening, from thy throne so high,
Cast thy clear beams across the darkening sky—
And these, our wond'ring souls, that question, "Why?"
Guide to the light.

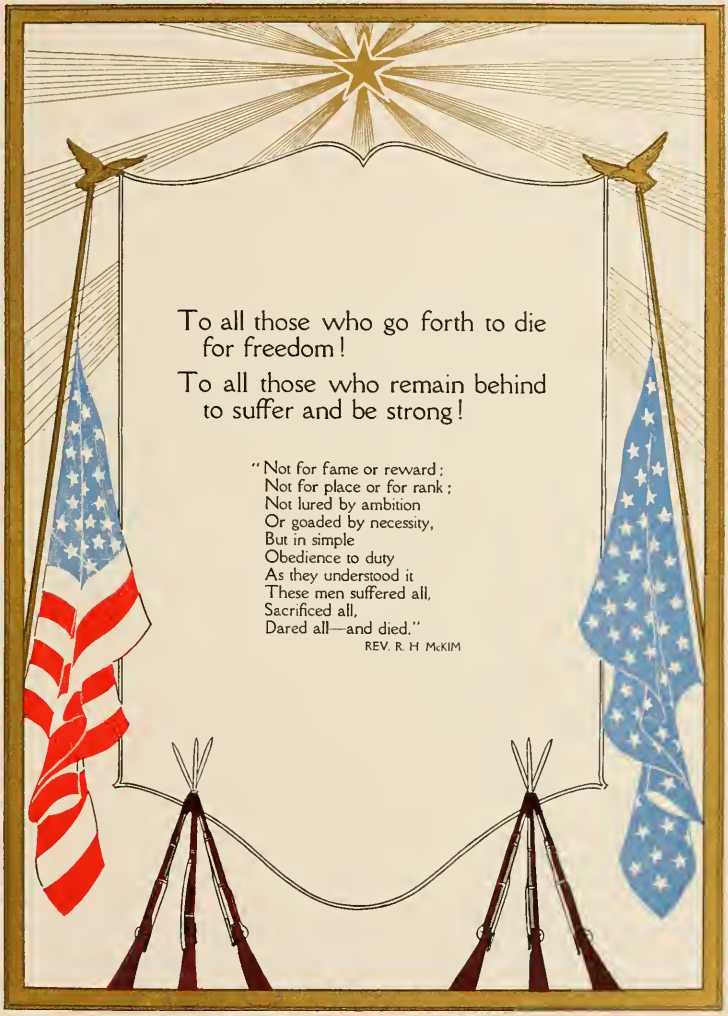
II

Above the world, deep plunged in bitter strife,
For those disheartened by the cares of life,
Keep, 'midst the turmoil in our hearts so rife,
Thy purity.

III

Wise men long ages past, in lands afar,
Attained their long-sought goal 'neath Christ's own star,
And so give thou to us, wearied with war,
A hope of peace.

Mary R. Taylor, '21.



To all those who go forth to die for freedom!

To all those who remain behind to suffer and be strong!

"Not for fame or reward;
Not for place or for rank;
Not lured by ambition
Or goaded by necessity,
But in simple
Obedience to duty
As they understood it
These men suffered all,
Sacrificed all,
Dared all—and died."

REV. R. H. McKIM

BRIAR PATCH

Crucified

A body hanging limp and stark
 Upon a cross of wood,
A forehead cut with thorns and dark
 With dried and blackened blood—
But lips that murmur ere they die:
 "Forgive them, Father, this I pray,
They know not what they do, nor why—
 They must be taught. I am the Way."

A soldier lying wounded, torn,
 Among the many slain,
With blinded eyes that see the morn
 Through stinging blood and pain—
But lips that whisper to the end:
 "Give strength, O God, give strength, I pray,
To those who Truth and Right defend—
 For we must win. I am the Way."

A woman standing bowed and bent
 Beside an empty chair,
A face with pain and sorrow rent,
 And weak hands of despair—
But tortured lips that whisper yet:
 "Give help, O Lord, give help, I pray,
Lest I in agony forget
 That Truth must live. I am the Way."

HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

BRIAR PATCH

A Closed Chapter in Katrina von Wagner's Life

PART I

THE despairing young couple sat and gazed longingly at the inviting dimness of the hall. Their eyes turned to the stern and forbidding figure of Miss McCall, seated in an opposite corner of the room. She was engaged in the remarkable feat of being seemingly absorbed in her knitting, and yet having an air of alert watchfulness, which was extremely disconcerting to the young people. Katrina von Wagner gave a resigned sigh, and settled back to a hopelessly dull evening, made necessary by the presence of the school chaperon. Never again would she attempt to entertain a caller at school. Robert Warren, however, was not so easily daunted. With a little effort he rallied the conversation, so that when he finally pulled out his watch he discovered, to his amazement, that there were only a few minutes left before his forced departure. He reflected a moment. True, he had only known his "kid sister's" roommate for one short month, but the impulsiveness of youth made him sure that this was love. He was conscious of a challenge to his power of protection and to his spirit of ownership, from the minute he had met Katrina, his sister's quaint little German friend. Robert finally decided to take the plunge.

"Katrina, darling," he whispered.

Katrina looked up with a wide-eyed, wondering look.

"Gee whiz, look out! Don't show any signs of excitement," he muttered, with a somewhat nervous glance toward the opposite corner of the room.

Katrina's face flushed with a rich, warm color, and her breath came in tiny gasps.

"Some day——"

He was cut short by the rising of the majestic Miss McCall. This was the signal of dismissal. Robert arose, murmured the usual polite nothings over Miss McCall's hand, and went into the long-wished-for seclusion of the hall, followed by Katrina. She stood silently watching him put on his coat.

Suddenly he turned to her, caught her hands, and whispered:

"Katrina, some day—some day I am coming to your own home to ask you—something. May I?"

She faltered, "Yes."

With this he left her, and she listened to his firm footsteps dying away in the distance.

PART II

Katrina was no longer the carefree American schoolgirl of two years ago. She was sitting in the neat, but sparsely furnished, living-room of her home in Germany. She sat knitting, knitting, knitting, as it seemed to her she had been doing interminably. Even Miss McCall had never knitted any more diligently than she. Katrina thought of the last time she had ever seen her so occupied. The day after the evening which was engraved upon her memory forever, she had received a curt note from her father, commanding her to return. A steamer happened to be leaving that night, so Katrina set out for home. Upon her arrival, she had a premonition that her father had a very strong reason for desiring her to come home. Finally war was declared between America and Germany. All communications were severed, and correspondence with Bob was now impossible.

She was aroused from all these sad reflections by the entrance of her brother.

"Sister, want to go through the prison camp with me this afternoon?" he asked.

Her brother was in charge of one of the prison camps of Germany, and he had long promised to take her through it.

"Oh, I'd love to go. Perhaps I may find some means of relieving the awful monotony of their lives."

Upon arrival at the camp, she gazed with horror upon the sullen, almost inhuman faces of the prisoners. The thing which seemed worst, to her mind, was the terrible air of listlessness and of idleness.

Somewhat depressed by her thoughts, her eyes rested vaguely on a group of nearby prisoners. She was suddenly startled by the sight of a characteristic pose of a familiar figure. Scarcely trusting her eyes, she stood staring at him, dumfounded. Slowly, impelled by an unknown force, he turned and gazed deep into her eyes. With a common accord they walked slowly toward each other. When they were but a few feet apart they stopped. The barrier which was between them seemed almost physical, as well as psychic.

Katrina rose to the greatest situation of her life. She turned to her brother, and, in a collected manner, explained to him that this was a dear friend, and that she must see him alone. There was a short hesitation. He looked at his sister intently, trying to read her innermost thoughts. Finally, with a spark of divine understanding gleaming in his eye, he nodded assent. With the stolidity usual to his race, he turned, beckoned to Robert, and led the way into his office.

Within the privacy of her brother's office the barrier fell away from between them. For a few brief moments they poured out all the loneliness and longing of those two years. Finally, Robert checked himself, and, in brief, halting words, told his experiences since he had last seen her. He had enlisted as soon as the war broke out. He had only been at the front two weeks when he was taken prisoner during a raid on the German trenches. He had, unfortunately, killed a favorite officer of the Germans, and their wrath was to be vent upon him. He had been told to-day to prepare to die at sunrise.

Poor little Katrina! She had been dreaming for two years of the time when she would be guarded and protected by this man! Now, *he—he* was to be taken away forever! She trembled like a leaf in his strong clasp. They both fought for self-control, and at last they both won. They had mastered the situation.

BRIAR PATCH

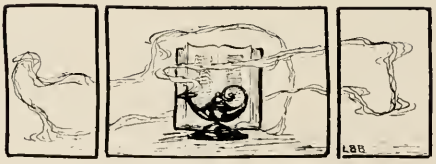
The measured tramp of the guards was heard outside the door. For the second time Robert Warren received the signal of dismissal in Katrina's presence.

He whispered, in a voice full of yearning, wistful love:

"O Katrina, we must be brave, we must be strong! I promised you that I would come to you in your own home, in your Germany, and I have kept my promise."

Once again Katrina listened to the departing footsteps of her lover. She whispered to herself, "But we shall meet again."

SUE WISNER.





BRIAR PATCH

His Letter Home

Oh, Mother Dear:

It's Christmas night! To think I didn't know!
No wonder. Last December seems at least ten years ago.
Remember how the folks came up? Gee, what a feast we had.
The Aunts and Uncle Jack and Sis and me and you and Dad!
We had a tree—remember? And we sat around the fire.
You ought to see me *now*, all covered up with dirt and mire.
I have just come in from duty. We were up behind the guns.
All this freezing Christmas morning, shooting up a few damned Huns.
We lost some good men, Mother. My pal, young Jack McKee,
The finest fellow that I knew, fell down 'long side of me.
He didn't die right off, but, God, I wish he had!
I never in my life have seen the courage of that lad!
His blood gushed like a fountain and it stained the ground all red,
But not until the very end did he go off his head.
He just lay there a-dyin', with a smile that cut my heart,
For he knew as well as I that they would put him in the cart,
And take him for his last ride 'fore to-morrow's sun would rise.
His *lips* were smiling, Mother, but hell's fire was in his eyes!
Then just before he went there came a look upon his face
Like the rowers wore at school when they just *had* won a race,
And he sort of gasped and whispered, "Say, Dickie, listen here,
Will you write to the home folks, pal, and try to make it clear
That I thought of them on Christmas, and I surely meant to write,
But the Great Commander's ordered that I pack my grip to-night?
Say, I wish I could have sent them some gift, or just a card,
But, when one is in the trenches, Christmas shopping's rather hard!
Tell Mother that I love her—and Dad—and, well, Marie!
And wish them Merry Christmas and a glad New Year for me!
Say, make that strong to them, old pal, for it's gladly that I pay
For the one gift I *am* giving upon this Christmas Day!
I had dreamed of a big diamond—three carats—for Marie,
But she understands I had to sort of help humanity!"
And that was all. O Mother, this is not a "merry" day,
But, say, if I go, too—tho' of course I won't, I pray—
I'll go the way that Jack did. And I *will*, without regret.
So, Mother, don't be sad if—— And don't ever forget
That I mean to come back to you, but I may not. We can't tell.
That fellow knew his alphabet who said that "War is hell!"
But it's heaven that we're fighting for—or so it seems to me—
There's not a thing that matters save our gaining victory!
Well, Merry Christmas, Mother! I will say it anyway.
I'm off to sleep now, Honey, for I've had a busy day.

G. E. Sollitt.


MAY DAY

BRIAR PATCH



Martha Darden, May Queen, 1917

BRIAR PATCH

May Day, 1917

MAY DAY has become a tradition at Sweet Briar. Here where the newness of the college only makes traditions scarce, those that we have are most dear to us. Thus it is that long before even a breath of Spring has come to frighten away Winter's snows, the students of Sweet Briar gather in groups to hum the songs of May Day, and to venture guesses as to who will be their Queen that year.

In the year nineteen-seventeen, on the thirtieth day of April, the Sun seemed to shine brighter than ever, and to lure all those with the Spirit of Youth in their hearts to come out into the open and to herald the coming of May with dancing and glad songs. Guests gathered from far and near to witness the festival, and among the girls clad in gay, flowered dresses there was not a single sad heart nor a dull eye that day. Into the Boxwood Circle they danced, singing and scattering flowers, all eagerly waiting to welcome their Queen. A hush—and then the soft strains of "With roses, red roses . . . " were heard. She was coming—their Queen—preceded by her lovely court! The girls formed in two lines, making a path down which she might walk to her throne. A moment of suspense—a murmur—and she was there! No tall, stately queen was this but one nearly as small as the fairies of whom she made one think. How joyfully she was greeted and how gaily she smiled!

After her coronation her subjects sang for her pleasure, and some danced while others wound the May Pole with Sweet Briar's colors, rose and green. In all too short a time she was again passing through the double line of girls, under the flowered arches, and the first part of May Day was over.

The Sun, who was starting his journey to the west, still beckoned us on to be gay. "Hurry, hurry!" he seemed to say. "May is coming! May! May! Dance and dance! The fairies are out to-day. Be gay!

Be gay!" So down to the Dell we wandered, still filled with the Spirit of May, while the Sun stood still in his course long enough to let us witness the pageant of "The Wooing of May." Through the trees the Littlemaid came dancing, wooed on by the sweet notes of an unseen Piper. The Summer Winds and Autumn Leaves, the Dandelions and May Flowers all urged her to stay and play with them, but on she daneed, following the pipes. Dark Clouds assailed her, but the Sun came to her rescue and suddenly she found herself with the Piper, who was the Spirit of the Woods. "Ah, life is beautiful and love is sweet!"

And not yet was May Day over! Though the Sun had finally gone his way "down behind the west," still the Spirit of May remained. That evening the College and the Academy together had a May Day Dance. The Queen led the opening figure and Gaiety was King for the night.

There was one note in the May Day Dance of nineteen hundred and seventeen that had been lacking at all other Sweet Briar danees. It was the note struck by that grim musician, War. Although we were gay all that day and that night, we could not forget the war. Although we smiled and talked of foolish nothings, yet here and there were heard such snatches as: "I'm expecting to be called soon. I've enlisted." "Good-bye! This has been great, to-night. I'll not forget it 'over there'." Yes, War had sounded his note, and not even for that one day did he let us forget it. For many girls and men May Day had double significance, for, while they welcomed the May and the hope that eame with it, they knew in their hearts that it was their last heart-free frolic, for to-morrow they would answer War's summons.

BRIAR PATCH



MEEK
CHELF

DARDEN

FITZHUGH
WALKER



May Queen and Court, 1917

BRIAR PATCH

FETE IN HONOR OF THE QUEEN OF MAY

The Queen of May—Martha Darden
The Maid of Honor—Janetta FitzHugh
Presenter of the Garland—Mattie Walker
Presenter or the Scepter—Mildred Meek

THE COURT

Catherine Marshall
Cornelia Carroll
Elizabeth Lea
Catherine Kemper
Loma Burton
Mary Hatton
Helen Beason
Edna Sloan
Madeline Sachs
Jeanne Lowry
Marie Dunham
Gertrude Morse

THE FLOWER GIRLS

Olive Burton
Josephine Payne
Douglas Chief
Gladys Lynn

COMMITTEE

Corinne Gibbon, *Chairman*

Martha Darden
Olive Burton
Jane Henderson
Rosanne Gilmore

Virginia Sandmeyer, *Ex Officio*









The Wooing of May

Littlemaid ---------- Josephine Becker
Spirit of the Woods ---------- Madeline Sachs
Summer Wind ---------- Catherine Marshall
Black Cloud ---------- Virginia McEwan
Rainbow ---------- Vivienne Barkalow
The Sun ---------- Eleanor Steele
North Wind ---------- Florence Freeman
Autumn Leaf ---------- Loma Burton
Jack Frost ---------- Winifred Krause
Dandelion ---------- Virginia McEwan
May Flower ---------- Ernestine Hutter

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Miss Guion, *Chairman*

Miss Pryor
Vivienne Barkalow
Madeline Sachs

Virginia Sandmeyer, *Ex Officio*

BRIAR PATCH

Pan Laments

Alas, I can not find my May,
 Her place usurped by June;
And all my luring pipings
 Jar sadly out of tune.

I seek her in the wind flower,
 But that has gone to seed,
And what was once a blossom white
 Faints now, a withered weed.

In vain I ask the bluebird,
 "Where is my love, my dear?"
But he makes answer boldly,
 "Ah, June! See June is here!"

I sought her by the brook's moist edge—
 Think you she can have drowned?
Perchance she's sailed on down the stream
 Where fairer lands abound.

And, oh, how I did love my May,
 So shy, so sweet, so free;
But I must wait another year
 Till she comes back to me.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

Program of Commencement Exercises

JUNE SECOND TO FIFTH, NINETEEN SEVENTEEN

SATURDAY, JUNE SECOND

Recital by Students of Music Department.
Garden Party.

SUNDAY, JUNE THIRD

Baccalaureate Service.
Sermon by Dr. Berryman Green, Dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Va.
Step Singing.

MONDAY, JUNE FOURTH

Class Day.
Presentation of "The Piper" by Dramatic Association in the Dell.

TUESDAY, JUNE FIFTH

Commencement Exercises.
Address by Dr. Archibald Henderson, University of North Carolina.





The Final Play

Dere Mama:

I am offal glad you lett me cum to swete briar to visit sister. It is a swel plase and when i get olde I think I wood like to cum hear to collage. Thay dont do enything butt hav a good time hear at leste not at the ende uf scoole. Thay dont wurk near as hard as I have to at my scoole.

What i am writing this letter for is this. I want to tell you about a play thay had hear the uther day. It wuz swel. Sister sed it wuz the final play and the name uf it wuz the Piper. You wood laf if you cood see what a funy theayter thay hav hear mama. It izent inside atall it iz outdores in a plase thay eal the Del. Insted uf puling a curteen down like thay did in that sho that you took me too wunse everybudy that wuz waching the play had to get up and moov to an other plase for the difrent acts. Sum uf the gurls groned offly wen thay had to gett up becaws thay wer stif but I dident minde. i gess it wuz becaws thay ar geting olde.

The play was al abowt a noffal nise man who wuz a piper. Sister sed he wuzent a man atall but only a nother gurl named Luseel Baro but she looked jist like a man. Wel this man scared al the mise away from a town an the mene peeple woodent giv him eny muny so then he took away al the childrun. The childrun wuz jist like me an I wanted to go and play with them but sister sed I coodent becaws it wuz a play. Wun boy made everybudy laf becaws he played with a thing that you spin on that wuz out side a hous and he broke the wheel off it and he wuz jist as surprized as enybudy. Wel thay wuz wun litle boy that wuz lame an he coodent go as fast as the uthers. Sister sed he wuz a gurl that wuz a seenyor named Martha Darden. Wel his mama cride offal when he wuz gon an she almost dide but he came back with al the uther kids an everybudy wuz happy. His mamas name wuz Veronica but I heard sum gurls eal her Charlot Seever after the play. Thay say she wuz fine but she jist seemed like a reel mama to me. Thay wuz a gurl in the play named Barbara in it and Ruth Macillravey owt uf it. She wuz fine. She wuz in luv with a man that ate nifes and things that wuz the Piper mans frend. His name wuz Mattie Walker becaws he wuz a gurl to. Thay wuz a noffal funy man to who was cheathedevel, an his name wuz Delia Mai Gilmor.

BRIAR PATCH

I liked the play fine. Thay wuz lots uf peeple thare an sum uf them cride. Sister told Charlot Seever that it wuz the best thing she had dun. I asked wi and thay sed becaws she managed it. She wuz an offal nise mama but not as nise as you ar. Thare izent enybody as nise as you ar mama. I wish you wer hear to. When I get olde and cum too swete briar I will make you cum an see the final play we hav then. I bet I wil be the hearoin dont you gess?

Good by mama frum

Yoor littl boy,

BOBBY.





Scene from "The Piper"

BRIAR PATCH

Commencement

THE Commencement Exercises of the Class of 1917 were held in the chapel on Tuesday, June the fifth. At the entrance of the Academic Procession, followed by the Seniors, the student body rose and remained standing until every one in the procession was in place. Miss McVea introduced the speaker, Dr. Archibald Henderson, who addressed the graduating class on "The South Resurgent."

After the speech came the event of the day for the Seniors, when they were presented with their diplomas and hoods, and when they walked up one side of the stage Seniors and down the other alumnæ. We must not forget the changing of the tassel of the cap, which is never forgotten by the new alumna as she walks down the steps.

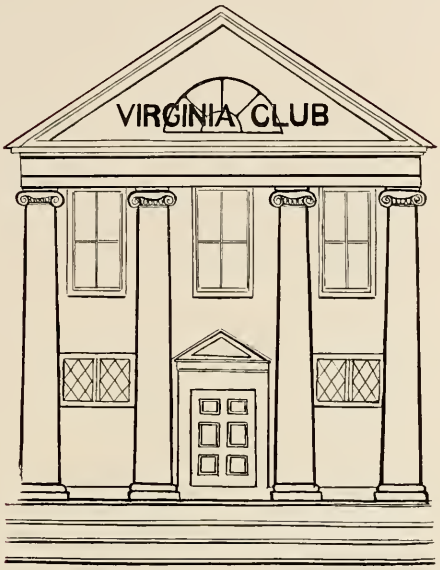
This is the time when every little Freshman has the desire to persevere through the next three years to be able to go through with this delightful ceremony, and the Juniors are glad they have persevered through three years, and, for the first time, realize that as the alumnæ walk off the stage they take their place and responsibility as the new Seniors. The Sophomores are halfway between, just entering their third year as upper-classmen. This Senior day, their day of all days, is a great occasion for all concerned from the grandest Senior even down to the smallest Freshman.

BRIAR PATCH



Distribution of Students, 1917-18

Alabama	5	Iowa	3	North Carolina	8
Arkansas	2	Kentucky	7	Ohio	24
Brazil	1	Louisiana	5	Pennsylvania	22
Colorado	2	Maryland	4	South Carolina	3
Connecticut	1	Massachusetts	1	Tennessee	7
Delaware	4	Michigan	3	Texas	23
District of Columbia	6	Minnesota	6	Virginia	42
Florida	5	Mississippi	14	Washington	1
Georgia	9	Missouri	4	West Virginia	3
Idaho	2	Nebraska	2	Wisconsin	3
Illinois	25	New Jersey	9		
Indiana	9	New York	23		



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New York Club

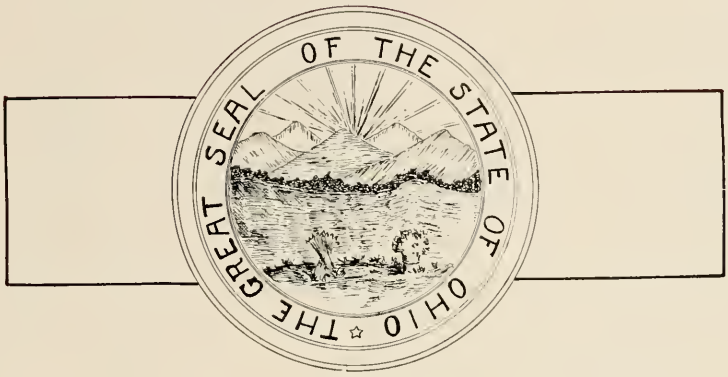
Motto: Grab all you can get and rush for more

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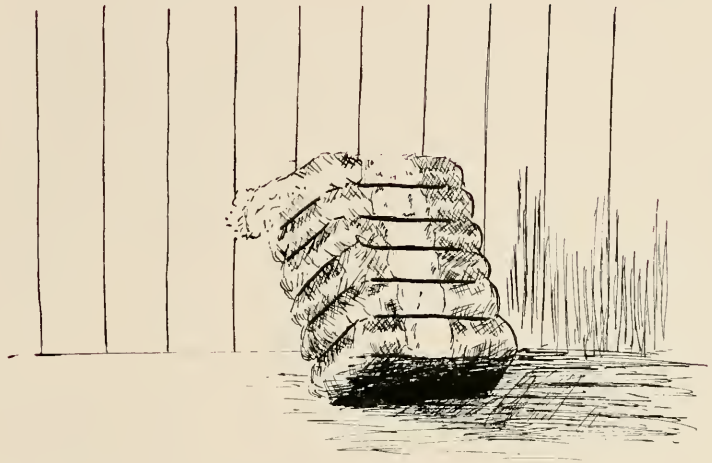
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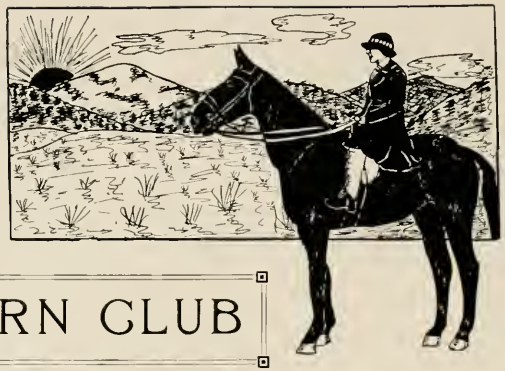
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Miss Lyda Boyd

Flower: Bluebonnet



Motto: To be and not to seem
Colors: Red, White and Blue

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Neeta Waning, Caldwell

BRIAR PATCH



Hose Brigade

Motto: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*

CHIEF OF THE HOSE

Buster Noze Weichselbaum

MARSHAL OF THE HOSE

Willie Wilson

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Onyx August
Holeproof Allen
Luxite Lincoln
Phoenix Pryor
Wearever Warwick
Black Cat Ellis
Buster Brown Deekins

HONORARY MEMBER

J. B. Cerf



Motto: "I scratches when I itches"

FOUNDER OF THE ORDER

Dorothy Neal

CHARTER MEMBERS

Dorothy Wallace
Mary McNally
Stanley Miller
Mary Cowan
Lucille Warwick

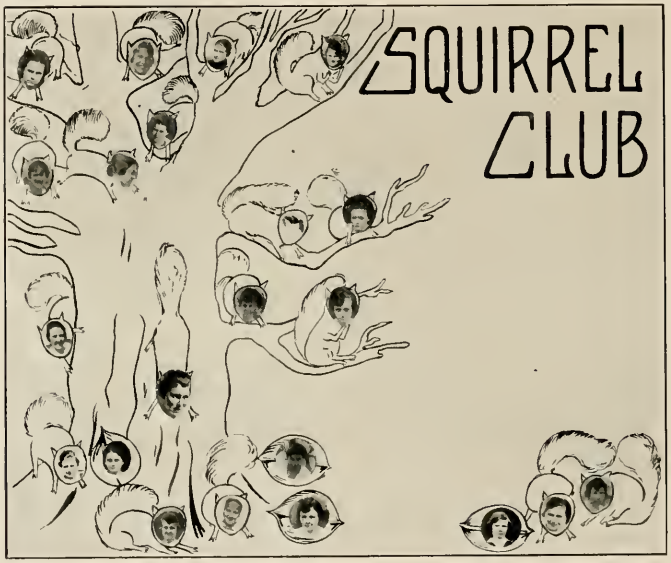
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Helen O'Ferrell
Dorothy Goode
"Happy" Cooke
Katherine Taylor
Lelia Taylor
Florence Woelfel
Dorothy Cerf
Gertrude Anderson

PLEDGES

Margaret McVey
Mildred Ellis

BRIAR PATCH



Motto: Never pass a nut by

Colors: Nut Brown and Squirrel Grey Clubhouse: The Big Oak

Flower: Flowering Almond

Squirrels

Birdie Bishop
Daisy Beeson
Tilly Hulbert
Eve Case
Kitty Marshall
Maggie McVey
Dolly Blanks
Flosey Freeman
Rosey Sloan
Issy Wuzzy Webb
Lizzie Cowan
Pritzy Freiberg
Petty Petritz
Nutty Pratt
Gugge Guggenheimer
Hatty Hammond
Giddy Gilmore
Cora Gibbon

Food for Squirrels (Nuts)

Hansy Nansoi
Turky Turk
Vivi Barkalow
Eggy Eggleston
Horty Vamp-Ward



Lucile Barrows as the Piper





Betty Ertel


1921
FRESHMEN



Miss Smith



Catherine Marshall



Mrs. Peyton Evans

BRIAR PATCH

Senior Song

TUNE: *Russian National Hymn*

Hail to the Seniors, the Class of 1918,
Hail forever to the Black and Green;
Sweet Briar will ever be deep graven on our hearts,
And we'll be unwav'ring true though far apart.

All loyal Seniors, this ever be your aim—
Each one strive to add to Sweet Briar's fame.
So that, as years roll by and classes go their ways,
We'll all be remembered by our college days.

Junior Song

We are the Juniors, the jolly Juniors,
 And we are victors; yes, every one;
'Tis not the first time, nor yet the last time,
 That together we will raise a great big bum, bum, bum.

Along the arcades we make our raids,
 With hearty yells the Juniors come;
'Tis not the first time, nor yet the last time,
 That together we will raise a great big bum, bum, bum.

BRIAR PATCH

Sophomore Song

TUNE: *"Sons of America"*

We are the Sophomore Class, the class that's brave and bold.
Forever we'll protect the purple and the gold—
Rah! rah! rah!
Sweet Briar, we promise you ever to be
The truest and most loyal class of S. B. C.

We are the champions of everything worth while.
If you should say that that's not true, well, we should smile—
Ha! ha! ha!
Twenty will get your goat most easily,
For we're the sure enough trump cards of old S. B. C.

Class of Twenty-One

We're meek and humble Freshmen,
To Sweet Briar we have come;
We're overawed by the old girls,
The Seniors have struck us dumb,
But next year we'll be Sophomores;
Then Juniors we'll all be;
But wait till we are Seniors,
And then you watch and see.

There won't be any quiet hour,
We won't go to bed at all;
We'll never ask permission
If we want to have gentlemen call;
We'll send out invitations
To come and see the fun,
Oh, you will have to hand it
To the Class of '21!

BRIAR PATCH

Mid-Year's Eve

I

At Sweet Briar, ere exams breezed in,
All peaceful ran our path serene,
And, "'Gainst the rose, against the green,"
We sang most happily.

II

But Sweet Briar saw another sight,
When "uppers" studied late at night,
And Freshmen strove with all their might
To brave the dread calamity.

III

Now mad excitement fills the air,
We rant about and tear our hair,
And groan, from depths of dark despair,
"I know I'll flunk that chemistry!"

IV

The time has come; you'll soon be free,
Who rush to glory, or a D!
Let not your hearts beat sinkingly,
But cram like all creation!

V

The strife is o'er, the battle passed;
Once more our feet stand firm and fast,
And we can safely breathe. At last—
We're through examination!

Mary R. Taylor, '21.


TO-DAY
Our Mutual Friend
COMING
Sweet Briers

BRIAR PATCH



MISS NEUFFER

If you've a little bit o' trouble
That seems very big,
Your little bit o' trouble
Isn't worth a fig
When Neuffer says,
"Sure, *I'll* help you with it."



MISS GUION

It must be tryin'
On poor Miss Guion
To have Miss Pryor go away;
There's no use cryin'
It may be a sign
That Guion gwine marry some day.



MR. DEW

Sweet Briar's at the station,
The night's early morn.
Morning's not seven;
The hillsides DEW pearled.
"You can't go on six;
There's a breakdown on seven;
You'll probably reach home
'Fore the end of the world."

BRIAR PATCH

MR. GOODE

There's a noble professor named Goode
Can never say anything roode;
When he's perturbed
Or a little disturbed,
He behaves as a gentleman "shoo"-ed.





MISS SMITH

Smithie "didn't hear the breakfast eall,"
"Didn't go to bed at all";
So she orders steaming coffee;
Says she "knows" she's "very naughty."



MISS McGEHEE

It's really not fair of McGe-hee
To "ehap" at Washington Lee-hee,
Where we ean not go,
And so ean not know
Her possible, probable he-hee.



BRIAR PATCH

MISS PINKERTON

There is no occasion to say
Whose name is the theme of my lay.
To whatever she heard,
Whether right or wrong word,
She absently answered with "yea."

MISS SIMRALL

We would have written
A rhyme
About
Her,
But her name rhymes with
Nothing,
So
We can only enshrine her in
Free Verse.



MISS HUDSON

There is a young lady named Rose,
Who knits as to breakfast she goes;
And to ward off the shocks
If she mentions her socks,
She says, "It's my first pair of hose."

BRIAR PATCH



MISS MORENUS

Oh, why do the Freshmen tremble?
And why do the Freshmen shake?
It's an axiom that in first year math a "D"
The class will make.
She placidly gallops Toby.
Or leads in the Faculty Play.
While the class despairingly tears its hair.
And studies and pines away.
But this, after all, "has nothing to do
With the price of eggs to-day!"

MISS GAY PATTERSON

Excelsior comes with her Alpine
stock each morning to the libe
To investigate the words and thoughts of
each industrious scribe.
"Now, what did you say, Miss Martin?
And why did you speak, Miss Payne?
You'll have to leave, Miss Hanna,
If you blow your nose again.
Miss Johnson, would you please to step
outside the door to sigh?"
The greasy grinds spend patient hours
answering the eternal why!



MISS JOHNSTON

Don't mind, little world, don't mind,
You're sort of discouraged, I know—
But I soon will teach you a better way
Of rockin' to and fro.

Cheer up, Red Cross, never fear,
I'm with wool and bandages near;
And you never can tell just exactly how well
Things are goin' to turn out, over here.

BRIAR PATCH



MR. WORTHINGTON



He's a true Virginia gentleman,
 Our gallant French profess';
He b'lieves in doing little work,
 But mostly doing less.
He sends the girls on errands
 To get his books and pen,
He has the good old-time illusion
 That women work for men.
And so with feet extended
 He parcels out his "Ds,"
The humble girls obey his will,
 And "Shut the window, please."



MISS McLAWS

DR. HARLEY

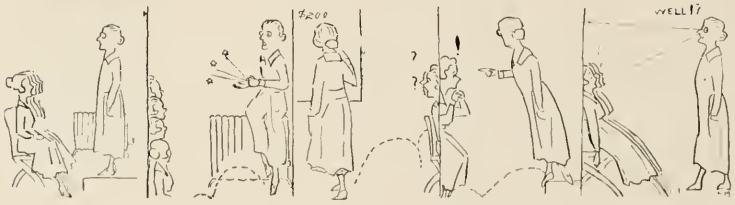
Here's to you, Dr. Harley,
 And your bromides and your pills;
You're mighty free with castor oil,
 But, then—you cure our ills.

FIFTY-MINUTE THRILLER!!

INNUMERABLE ACTS AND MANY REELS

"My deah girl, this is peetiflee eenadequate!"

(*A Tragedy in One Word*)



BRIAR PATCH





Vivie Studying (?)

Nickname:
Vivé.
Favorite Expression:
"What the hula-hula."
Pet Peeve:
Transportation to Lynchburg.
Indoor Sport:
Concentration on academic work.
Admirer of:
Third floor Carson.
Admired for:
Pep.
Chief Ambition:
To show the president of the Southern how to run his railway.
Likely to be:
Manager of the "Midnight Follies."

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
Iloe.
Favorite Expression:
"I've got a dog and a cat."
Pet Peeve:
Double chin.
Indoor Sport:
Vamping the young 'uns.
Admirer of:
Skeet.
Admired for:
Ebullient spirits.
Chief Ambition:
To write soulful poetry.
Likely to be:
Principal of a select boarding-school for young females.





Nickname:
CORNELIA.
Favorite Expression:
"Aw pshaw!"
Pet Peeve:
Brats.
Indoor Sport:
Rehearsal of U. of Va. experiences.
Admirer of:
Boston Tech.
Admired for:
Charm.
Chief Ambition:
To dance a whole dance with one man.
Likely to be:
A missionary to Africa.





Nickname:
CASEY.
Favorite Expression:
"Oh, gosh! I've got to go!"
Pet Peeve:
Corinne's mess.
Indoor Sport:
Knitting.
Admirer of:
Tom.
Admired for:
Speed.
Chief Ambition:
To have a kitchen stove and an ice boat.
Likely to be:
Keeping the home fires burning.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
CORINNE.
Favorite Expression:
"Oh, gee!"
Pet Peeve:
Religious meetings.
Indoor Sport:
Dancing.
Admirer of:
"The Tales."
Admired for:
Enthusiasm.
Chief Ambition:
To end the war.
Likely to be:
A deaconess.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
CILLA.
Favorite Expression:
"I."
Pet Peeve:
Other people's A's.
Indoor Sport:
Burning the midnight oil.
Admirer of:
Johnny.
Admired for:
Warm heart.
Chief Ambition:
To show the faculty how.
Likely to be:
Behind the scenes.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
TRUDIE.
Favorite Expression:
"That's all right."
Pet Peeve:
Work.
Indoor Sport:
Practicing.
Admirer of:
Peace, perfect peace.
Admired for:
Eyes.
Chief Ambition:
To set the world on fire.
Likely to be:
Circus barker.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
BETTY.
Favorite Expression:
"I'm going to practice."
Pet Peeve:
Fudge.
Indoor Sport:
Hanging over linen room rail.
Admirer of:
Dick.
Admired for:
Curls.
Chief Ambition:
To be a spinster.
Likely to be:
Leader of a church choir.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
KATY.
Favorite Expression:
"Where is Casey?"
Pet Peeve:
Economics.
Indoor Sport:
Eating.
Admirer of:
Casey.
Admired for:
Grace.
Chief Ambition:
To be a prima donna.
Likely to be:
Driver of a milk wagon.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
MAG.
Favorite Expression:
"It's all immoral to me!"
Pet Peeve:
Funeral procession.
Indoor Sport:
Dolling up.
Admirer of:
The best in all mankind.
Admired for:
Genuineness.
Chief Ambition:
To crush Napoleon.
Likely to be:
Chief mourner at the funeral.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
JANE.
Favorite Expression:
"Walter!"
Pet Peeve:
Avoirdupois.
Indoor Sport:
Meowing.
Admirer of:
The "Ites."
Admired for:
Wine-colored dress.
Chief Ambition:
To be a member of Highland's Four Hundred.
Likely to be:
Duchess of Marlboro.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
MARY.
Favorite Expression:
"Oh, dea-ah!"
Pet Peeve:
A borrowing friend.
Indoor Sport:
Arguing.
Admirer of:
Fredericka Hackman.
Admired for:
Neatness.
Chief Ambition:
To be a ballet dancer.
Likely to be:
A vamp.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
C. DEB.
Favorite Expression:
"Suffocating onion juice."
Pet Peeve:
Any intruder in the Biology Lab.
Indoor Sport:
Chasing germs.
Admirer of:
K. K.
Admired for:
Histrionic ability.
Chief Ambition:
To be a duchess.
Likely to be:
A physician.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
LITTLE SMITH.
Favorite Expression:
"Betty, where did you put my slippers?"
Pet Peeve:
Effie.
Indoor Sport:
Playing bridge.
Admirer of:
High ideals.
Admired for:
Efficiency.
Chief Ambition:
To gain a little.
Likely to be:
A meek little wife.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
SOLLITT.
Favorite Expression:
"Oh, that's perfectly awful!"
Pet Peeve:
Turk's late magazine material.
Indoor Sport:
Pursuing the muses.
Admirer of:
Bobby Knapp.
Admired for:
Literary ability.
Chief Ambition:
To be masculine.
Likely to be:
Captain of a football team.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
TURK.
Favorite Expression:
"Calm your transports."
Pet Peeve:
Promptness.
Indoor Sport:
William Smith.
Admirer of:
Intellect.
Admired for:
Musical ability.
Chief Ambition:
To be a librarian.
Likely to be:
A chemistry professor.

BRIAR PATCH





Nickname:
WALKER.
Favorite Expression:
"There's no excuse for not having an ice pick in this lab."
Pet Peeve:
Good food at faculty table.
Indoor Sport:
Keeping order in chapel.
Admirer of:
C. V. G.
Admired for:
Disposition.
Chief Ambition:
To be a Red Cross nurse.
Likely to be:
Second Demosthenes.

BRIAR PATCH

Freshmen! Stop! Look! Listen!



With apologies to the "Freshman Prayer Book":

"Do not forget you are a Freshman at Sweet Briar College, and *not* an upper-classman at your preparatory school.

"Remember to let Seniors pass in and out of doors first.

"It is expected that the lower-classmen voluntarily render certain courtesies to upper-class girls. Be considerate of the rights that are justly theirs."



We were used to being Seniors in the old home town,
Forgot we could be squelched in other schools.
Oh, gee! but we came in for a lot of taking down;
So profit by our knocks, and learn these rules:



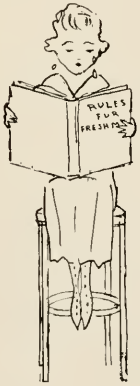
1. *Learn the Members of the Faculty.* (For there is always one
Whom the Freshies think a hated Sophomore;
And she might be surprised, you know, when all is said and done,
If you'd perched a pail of water o'er her door!)

BRIAR PATCH



II. *If An Upper-Classman Should Suggest You Brush Her Shoe,*
Just Kneel Upon the Floor and Get to Work!
(For you should have *offered,* and remember these are true,
She "means it for your good" and "never shirk.")

III. *Always Let a Senior Pass Before You Through the Door.*
(For beside its being her just right and due,
She might be the head of Student Government, you know,
And—oh, well, some day you'll be a Senior, too!)



So ponder on these precepts, and learn them, Freshmen all,
And endeavor to imbibe with other knowledge
That "Ignorance of the law is never an excuse,"
And your "innocence" is *never* "bliss" in college!



BRIAR PATCH

Jokes

PENNY: "Why are those twins named Cherubim and Seraphim?"
TIM: "I suppose because they continually do cry."

New girl descends fire escape, frantically clutching a fifty-cent piece.
G. CLARK: "What is that for?"
NEW GIRL: "They told me to grab everything I could, and this is it!"

GERMAN INSTRUCTOR: "Miss L., what are the three graces?"
MISS L.: "Faith, Hope, and Charity."

"Why is C. S. like Bre'r Rabbit?"
"'Cause she's born and bred in the Briar Patch."

BIOLOGY INSTRUCTOR: "What is the scope of biology?"
H. B. (blandly): "The microscope."

MISS S. (in Psych class): "What is the first noun that occurs to you when I say 'rough'."
EGGLESTON (completely demoralized): "Party."

INSTRUCTOR: "What is the electrical unit of power?"
STUDENT: "The what, sir?"
I.: "That's it—the watt. Now, what is platinum used for?"
S.: "Why, er——"
I.: "That's right—wire. Very good, indeed."

—*Exchange.*



The marginal utility of the measles.

BRIAR PATCH

INSTRUCTOR: "What effect does the moon have on the tide?"
N. H. (pensively): "None: it only affects the untied."

Membership in the Junior Class was declined, because of the financial responsibility entailed in the editing of the annual.

NOTICE ON THE BULLETIN-BOARD

Freshman Class will meet at five o'clock this afternoon in the chapel.

(Signed) M. R. MARTIN, *President*.

In Biology: Please hand me the bipeds!

MISS H.: Who is the greatest authority on dietetics?
C. G.: Hoover.

Freshman's definition of an acid:
An acid is a substance which always contains hydrogen, e. g., P_2O_5.

Virginia Miller tells us that the chief organ of speech is the adenoid.

Some original Freshman themes were entitled:
Divorce, Philosophical Views of Life, Soul-Mates, Love, Death, Transmigration of Souls.

What some of the Lynchburg merchants always say in reply to requests for ads:

Buckingham & Flippin: One partner's been ill since September.
Isbell-Bowman: One party has been serving on the jury since September.
Whitmore: My son is out of town.
Lynchburg Crockery: Out since September.
Coleman: We can't afford to advertise this year on account of the war.


Ho-hum!
Bed
The "Very Busy" camouflage.
It's the only way to save 'em, Mamie.
Camouflage those eats from Lynchburg in your K.B.
Ink
This camouflage is reserved for emergencies.


Was that talking in here!
zzzz zz!
The well Known zzz camouflage.
zz zzz
The late riser who considers herself camouflaged
Empty
Camouflage of the classroom- Bonetims & a brainband.
E.Forbush.

BRIAR PATCH

MENU AT S. B.

Creamed squid, spirogyra, and nervous prostration.

"Sweet Briar is a geographical impossibility inclosing several hundred good-looking girls, a feast of scenery, and an indigestion of train service."

"May I kiss you, my dear?"
Said Roderick Dhu.
"It's a serious question
I'm asking you."
With her head on one side,
"Why, Roderick Dhu!"
The maiden replied.
So Roderick *Dhid!*

—*Ex.*

"THE PADDED CELL"

ROSANNE (staggering under the weight of an empty lamp murmurs brokenly): Miss Dix wouldn't give us any ink for the lamp.

CARRIE (for the twentieth time): Where *is* that War Department?

D. M.: I think it's mixed up with that poem about peace.

CARRIE: He, he-h-h!!!

FLO (tapping D. M. gently in ribs with fist): That's number what?

D. M. (all in one breath): 568. No. Yes. Indicate Mr. Worthington having three pages. There goes $10.96.

FLO: Upright or sideways? Did you say I couldn't have another cracker until four o'clock?

(Drawing numerous ovals for pictures.)

D. M.: Your page isn't like mine.

FLO: Darn. I boiled the whole roost of eggs on the wrong side. Stanley, while you wait, make Y. W., S. G. A., Tennis, Athletics, and tails posters.

D. M.: There goes $5.27. Yes, that's 196 negative 1066. What does that make you think of?

FLO: Why, something happened that year, didn't it?

CARRIE: Um, I dare say.

(Terrible crash outside.)

Ha! ha! Stanley's set sail in a laundry basket again. My sense of humor's recuperating.

(Breakfast bell sounds.)

It's a good thing I've got a good sense of humor.

(General collapse.)

BRIAR PATCH

Society Among the Neoliths

(Glacial Period, 1917-1918)



SEPTEMBER 20—Great migration to mountain regions of Virginia. All caves taken. Wise put in subterranean torture caves. (Note—So much the less torture.)

SEPTEMBER 21—Nut-grinding season starts.

SEPTEMBER 22—Long Barrows feast Round Barrows (Y. W. C. A. reception).

SEPTEMBER 23—Long Barrows chant to Round Barrows.

SEPTEMBER 28—Head chief (our President) feasts tribe on the battle-ground of nations.

SEPTEMBER 29—Clansmen McVey and Gibbon carry off the cake as they trip the light fantastic in the Muscle Cave.



OCTOBER 2—Cave dwellers stand on the lawn at midnight, and bless (?) the fire-gong's sound.



OCTOBER 3—Campaign is started to extract the Esanamia good of the neolithic ladies.

OCTOBER 5—Mrs. Forbes-Robertson addresses the neolithic ladies on "The Woman Movement" and "The Drama as a Social Farce."

OCTOBER 6—The neolithic pike to Janette's wedding.

BRIAR PATCH



October 8—The Round Barrows foreshadow Irish descendants in "The Wearin' of the Green."

October 9—11:53 P. X. from Randolph: "Good night, my Romeo." Watchman pricks up his ears.

October 12—John Powell tickles the ivories. Neolithic ladies lose their hearts.

October 13—Keepers of the monetary unit wrest worldly goods from fellow-tribesmen. Nuts of the 3d degree feast nuts of the 1st degree across the Big Water.

October 15—Mr. Oldys speaks on "Food Conservation" and "Birds."

October 17—Virginia Sandmeyer visits her old hunting-ground.

October 22—Series of battles over the boar-skin ball begins.

October 23—Somebody borrows Carrie's milk and fruit.

October 24—Forebodings of Glacial Period.

October 26—Tacky party in Muscle Cave for benefit of Red Cross. Nuts of 2d degree win prize for claw stunt.



October 27—Nuts of the 2d degree feast nuts of the 4th degree, while nuts of the 1st furnish entertainment.

October 28—Somebody (?) borrows "Kempie" for the Freshmen.

October 31—Faculty children keep the feast. Daddy-Long-Legs bobs for apples.

November 2—Miss Neuffer's lamp is borrowed. "Tip-Toe Tess" trips to town.



November 6—Senator Bankhead, chief of Pathfinders, addresses the neolithic ladies on the council ground.

November 8—Nuts of the 1st degree, with triumphant glee, carry off the boar skin (outdoor series of basket-ball).

November 10—Round Barrows entertain the Long Barrows in the Grub Cave.

BRIAR PATCH

November 11—Seven thousand raised for S. F. War Fund.

November 12—General haul. Five hot H_2O bottles disappear.

November 15—"School for Scandal" presented by nuts of the 4th degree.

November 16—Nuts of the 4th degree appear capped and gowned for the first time.

Dean Lois Matthews, of the University of Wisconsin, gives address, "College Women for To-day and for To-morrow." Mr. Manson speaks.

Neolithic ladies dance with paleolithic men.

November 17—"Pot of Broth" and "Helena's Husband" presented. New members taken into dramatics.

November 20—Belligerent attempt at *pacification* of neolithic ladies.

November 23—Neolithic children permitted to dance. The University of Virginia men demonstrate the Virginia Reel, in which they appear to be very proficient.

November 24—Nuts of the 3d degree present "Poor Little Rich Girl," Martha Darden, '17, in the leading rôle.

November 29—Thanksgiving recess. Wild neoliths ride their wild horses through the wild, wet woods (N. B. Fox escapes) grub cave. Forget to Hooverize.

December 1—Ian Hay lectures.

December 6—Dr. Johnson misses her iodine.

December 8—Glacial period starts.

December 9—Community sing "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile."

December 10—Ida Walker proves herself a true disciple of Hoover. She serves eggs à la King minus the eggs.

December 12—K. K. leaves neoliths for the modern school of wireless.

December 13—First trunk deposited by cave door. Whoops of joy from cave. Dwellers ensemble!

BRIAR PATCH

DECEMBER 15—Indian Mission. Christmas tree. Orchestra concert.

DECEMBER 16—Christmas carol service.

DECEMBER 18—Santa Claus comes to the kiddies.

DECEMBER 19—Students' concert. Conquering chiefs branded (athletic awards).

DECEMBER 20—Snow-birds chant. Somebody (?) cooks by candle-light. General migration to happy hunting-ground. We leave D. Neal behind with the measles. Merry Xmas to all!

JANUARY 8—Neolithic ladies return with weeping and gnashing of teeth. Precious stones glitter.

JANUARY 9—Nuts sharpened by grinding.

JANUARY 12—Glacial period persists.

JANUARY 15—Edward Morris, pianist, distracts our minds from exams.

JANUARY 21-27—Nuts undergo acid test.

JANUARY 25—Somebody (?) eases out from Sweet Briar. Safety first!

Miss Pryor leaves on matrimonial tour.

JAUNARY 27—We take a long, long sleep!

JANUARY 28—Third Floor Gray specializes in bridge.

JANUARY 29—Second semester begins.

FEBRUARY 1—Alpha-Betas and Zeta-Deltas organize.

FEBRUARY 2—Economics shedjooled for 5:30. Sophomore party in Muscle Cave.



FEBRUARY 3—Dr. Walker gives an illustrated lecture on "Jerusalem."

FEBRUARY 5—"Lamby dear" got muley!

FEBRUARY 6—"Staff" meets.

FEBRUARY 7—"Little Wood" elected S. G. A. President, 1918-19.

FEBRUARY 8—"The Dangers of a Premature Peace" presented to the fair neoliths by Dr. Rogers.

D. Neal elected Y. W. C. A. President 1918-19.

FEBRUARY 10—"Lamby dear" became a "blind tiger."

FEBRUARY 12—Annual goes to press.

BRIAR PATCH

February 14—Dr. Walker has a birthday party.

February 15—Nuts of the 1st degree entertain nuts of the 3d degree.

February 16—"The Modern Maid" scores a hit.

February 22—New Ripplers play.

February 23—University of Virginia Glee Club. Nuff sed!



March 1—Faculty play.

March 2—David and Clara Mannes.

March 15-25—Scheduled spring vacation. Is it patriotic?

April 6—Athletic Minstrel Show.

May 4—Senior play.

May 6—May Day.

June 4—Class Day. Final play.

June 5—Commencement. Good-bye, 1918!



Tales of Sweet Briar

BRIAR PATCH

Statistics

Presidents of the Student Government Association

1906-07—Ina Larkins
1907-08—Bessie Jackson, Frances Murrell
1908-09—Nan Powell
1909-10—Nan Powell
1910-11—Mary Parker
1911-12—Eugenia Buffington
1912-13—Eugenia Buffington
1913-14—Rebekah Patton
1914-15—Harriet Evans
1915-16—Margaret Bannister
1916-17—Virginia Sandmeyer
1917-18—Marianne Martin, Louise Case
1918-19—Isabel Wood

Presidents of Y. W. C. A.

1907-08—Nan Powell
1908-09—Mary Virginia Parker
1909-10—Loulie Wilson
1910-11—Loulie Wilson
1911-12—Bessie Grammer
1912-13—Dorothy Grammer
1913-14—Henrietta Washburn
1914-15—Anne Schutte
1915-16—Genie Steel
1916-17—Jane Henderson
1917-18—Dorothy Neal
1918-19—Dorothy Neal

Presidents of Dramatics

1909-10—Eugenia Griffin
1910-11—Margaret Cobb
1911-12—Mary Tyler
1912-13—Mary Tyler
1913-14—Rachel Forbush
1914-15—Rachel Forrush
1915-16—Martha Darden
1916-17—Jane Pratt
1917-18—Charlotte Seaver
1918-19—Lucile Warwick

Presidents of the Athletic Association

1908-09—Alma Booth
1909-10—Mary Virginia Parker
1910-11—Margaret Dalton
1911-12—Elsie Zaegel
1912-13—Elizabeth Franke
1913-14—Alice Swain
1914-15—Zalinda Brown
1915-16—Zalinda Brown
1916-17—Cornelia Carroll
1917-18—Cornelia Carroll
1918-19—Florence Freeman

BRIAR PATCH

Editors-in-Chief of the Annual

1909-10—Nan Powell
1910-11—Jennie Hurt
1911-12—Frances Matson
1912-13—Mary Pinkerton
1913-14—Ruth Maurice
1914-15—Ellen Howison
1915-16—Ruth Watkins
1916-17—Charlotte Seaver
1917-18—Caroline J. Sharpe
1918-19—Maynette Rozelle

Business Managers of the Annual

1909-10—Frances Murrell
1910-11—Esther Kelly
1911-12—Elsie Zaegel
1912-13—Mary Tyler
1913-14—Harriet Evans
1914-15—Margaret Bannister
1915-16—Mary Bissell
1916-17—Vivienne Barkalow
1917-18—D. M. Gilmore
1918-19—Virginia Merrill

May Queens

1907—Anne Royall
1908—Mary Brooke
1909—Margaret Cobb
1910—Josephine Murray
1911—Josephine Murray
1912—Eugenia Buffington
1913—Mary Tyler
1914—Ruth Maurice
1915—Ruth Watkins
1916—Rebecca Stout
1917—Martha Darden
1918-19—Catherine Marshall

BRIAR PATCH

Acknowledgments

Miss Morenus,
Mr. C. W. Gilmore,
Miss Neuffer,
Miss L. Wolf,
Miss S. Miller,
Miss Edith Forbush,

And all the others who have helped to make possible this annual.

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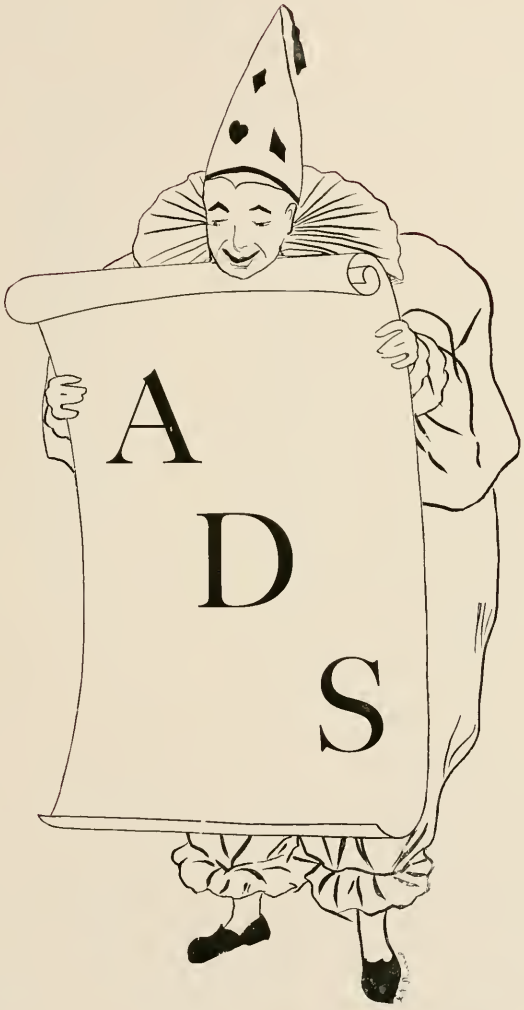
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A
D
S

The College Girl's Store

MAKE THIS STORE YOUR STORE

For anything that you may need in SNAPPY READY-TO-WEAR, such as SUITS, COATS, STREET DRESSES, EVENING WRAPS, EVENING GOWNS, and MILLINERY, including all accessories needed in "*Milady's*" wardrobe. We are always at your service.



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CRAIGHILL & JONES
Druggists

GET IT WHERE THEY'VE GOT IT
THE STORE WHERE QUALITY
AND SERVICE COUNT



Agents
Whitman's and Norris'
Candies



913 MAIN STREET

LYNCHBURG - - VIRGINIA

The Home of Fashions

¶ Consistent and constant efforts on our part to bring to the women and misses of this town and Sweet Briar College the latest creations from all the Fashion Centers, entitles this store to be rightfully called "*The Home of Fashions.*"

¶ Gathered from far afield and yet chosen carefully by alert and resourceful style-experts, here are *Suits*, *Frocks*, *Coats*, *Blouses*, *Millinery*, and a host of the newest dress-accessories. They are as refreshing as the breath of flowers, and you must see them all while the charm of spring still surrounds them.

¶ Mail orders receive prompt attention.

J. R. Millner Company

The Shopping Center

LYNCHBURG, VA.

Building Materials

Hay
Grain
and
Mill Feeds



Adams Bros.-Paynes Company

709 Main Street
Lynchburg
Virginia

Every Growing "Briar Patch"

Will find its wearing apparel wants fulfilled at Almond's.



—The styles of Spring are slender and graceful—"Hooverized" to help conserve materials; the result a pleasing simplicity of line that makes each garment decidedly chic.

—We have maintained our quality standard also, as an examination of the materials and making of ALMOND GARMENTS will attest.

—There is an air of individuality of style in every model, produced by some unique treatment which will appeal with force to the young women who are going to school and who like to admire the unusual as well as to wear it.

—The young women who long to wear something of the unusual—will find the ALMOND store in every department overflowing with those exclusive *"things"* girls going to school admire and long for.

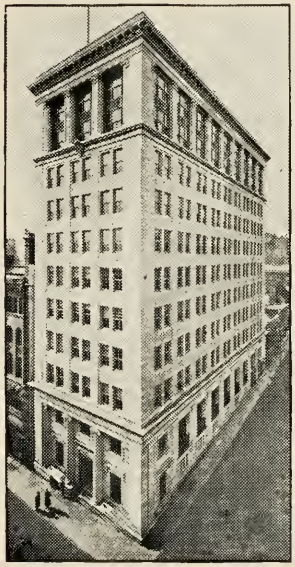
Almond's

The

Peoples National Bank

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

We Invite You to Inspect Our New Home



Safety and Courtesy Always

Capital and Surplus, $1,000,000

JOHN VICTOR, President
G. E. VAUGHAN, Vice President

WALKER PETTYJOHN, Vice-President
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